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Friends and Neighbours

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Friends and Neighbours

by WILLIAM S. GRAY

and MAY HILL ARBUTHNOT

Illustrated by Ellen B. Segner and Keith Ward

BASIC READERS : CURRICULUM FOUNDATION SERIES

A Revision of the Elson-Gray Basic Readers

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STORIES

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Up
and
Down
Pleasant Street



A New Game

"Oh, Jill! Oh, Ann!" called a boy.

"Come and play with us."

Jill and Ann looked up the street
and down the street, but no one
was there.

They looked in the yard.

No one was there.

"A boy called us," said Ann.

"I think it was Tom."



There was no one in the yards.

There was no one on the walks,
and no one at all on Pleasant Street.

“Come, Jill,” said Ann.

“I think the boy ran away.

Let’s play with my dolls.”




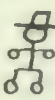
The girls ran into the house.

Ann went to the doll house
for her dolls, but they were not
in the doll house.

Ann thought they were lost.



Then the girls found this letter
on the doll house.

Dear Jill and Ann,
Look for the dolls in the 
 Billy  Tom  Joe

"Oh!" said Jill. "The dolls are not lost.
I think the boys took them away.

They want to play a new game,
and they want us to play the game, too.

They want us to read this letter
and guess where your dolls are."

"I can guess," said Ann.

"I think I know where to find them."








The dolls were not where Ann thought they were, but she found a letter there.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "Another letter!"

"Yes," said Jill. "Let's read it.

Maybe we can guess where the boys took your dolls."

This is how the letter looked.

Run to the  
 Billy  Tom  Joe

Ann said, "I can read this letter.

I can guess where to look next."

So the girls ran out into the yard.



“There is another letter,” said Jill.

“Yes,” said Ann. “We have found one more letter. Let’s read it.”

The girls began to read the letter.

Look under the O tree

♫ Billy ♫ Tom ♫ Joe

“Oh, dear!” said Ann. “Now the boys want us to look under the apple tree.

I know what we shall find there.

We’ll find another letter.”

Jill said, “I think this game is fun.

Let’s run and find the next letter.”

Away they ran to the back yard.



Then Jill and Ann came
to the apple tree.

Under it they found the lost dolls,
and behind it they found the boys.

"Hello, hello," called Billy.

"How did you like the new game?"

"I like it now," said Ann.

"Now I know my dolls are not lost."

Jill said, "I thought it was fun
to guess where the dolls were.

This is a fine game.

I like to play with dolls, but I think
it is more fun to look for them."



The Surprise Train

Up and down Pleasant Street went Joe in his new yellow wagon.

Soon Jack ran out to the walk with his old brown wagon.

"Hello, Joe," he called to his friend.

"I like your new wagon.

Did you get it for your birthday?"

"Yes," said Joe. "It is a fine wagon, but I wanted a toy train.

Trains are more fun than wagons.

Maybe I shall get a toy train for my next birthday."

Jack said, "I think wagons are fun.

Let's see how fast we can go."

Along the walk went the two friends.

All at once Joe looked back.

Jack was going more slowly than Joe was, so he stopped.

"Oh, Jack!" he called.

"Let's tie your wagon behind this one.

Then you can go just as fast as I can."

Joe jumped out and began to tie the old wagon to his new yellow one.





Both boys pushed, and both wagons
went along the walk very fast.

Jill and Ann saw the boys.

"Please let us ride," they called.

The wagons went more slowly,
and then they stopped with a bang.

"Jump in," said Joe.

"Oh, thanks!" said both girls at once,
and they jumped into the wagons.

Just then Tom and Jim came along.

"Please let us ride, too," called Jim.

"Joe and I have no room for you to go with us," said Jack.

"Let's tie on two more wagons.

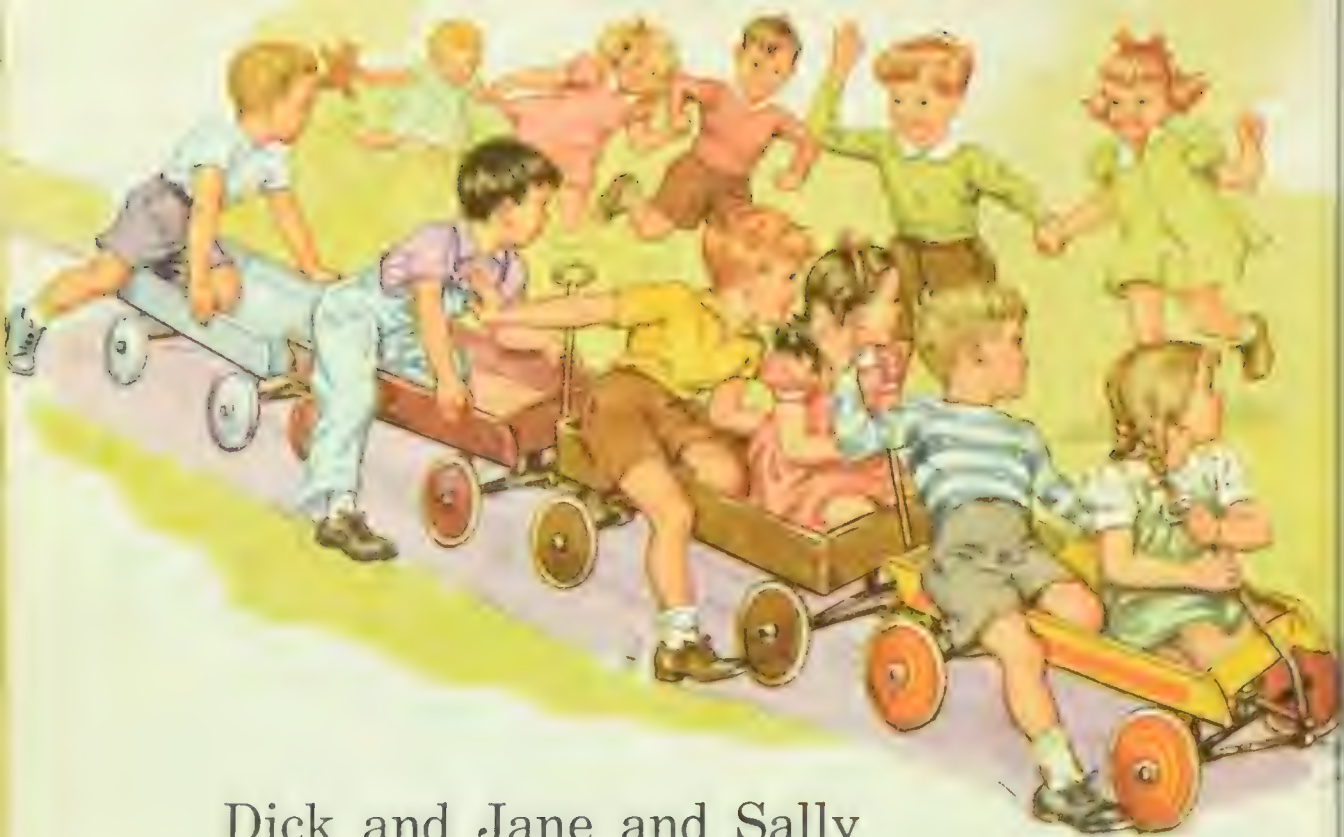
Both of you get your wagons and tie them behind my old brown one."

So two more wagons went along, and two more boys began to push fast.

Faster and faster pushed all four boys.

Faster and faster went all four wagons.





Dick and Jane and Sally
and Peter and Ellen came running.

“Please let us ride,” they called.

The boys stopped all four wagons.

Bang, bang, bang went the wagons
as one bumped into another.

“My!” said Jane. “What a fine train
you have made with the four wagons!”

Joe looked back and said, “Well, well!
I wanted a toy train, but this one
is more fun than a toy train.

We can ride in this one.”



Mrs. Hill's Birthday

On Pleasant Street there was
a little white house with a green door.

Children did not live there,
but children went there every day.

They went to buy cookies and candy.

They went to buy apples and nuts.

They went to buy toys and things
for birthdays.

They went to buy valentines, too.

The little white house was a store,
but it was more than a store.

It was a home, too. Mrs. Hill lived
in the little white house, and one room
was her store.



One morning Mrs. Hill was busy
in the room behind the store.

She was making cookies and candy.

There was a bell over the green door.

All at once it went ting-a-ling.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.

Mrs. Hill looked up from her work.

"Dear me!" she thought. "The door
is open, but no one has come in.

Maybe the wind pushed it open."

Then she went back to her work.

She went on making cookies and candy.



Soon the bell over the door went ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling again.

This time Dick and Joe walked in.

They wanted to buy some nuts.

Mrs. Hill stopped her work and went running into her store.

She was in a hurry and did not see a brown basket that was in the store.

But both boys saw it, and they asked, "What day is it today, Mrs. Hill?"

"Today is Saturday," she said.

"Saturday is my busy day.

I have so many things to do."



Again and again the green door opened.

Again and again the bell over the door
went ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.

All that morning children came to buy
candy and nuts and other things, too.

Every one of them looked at the basket.

Every one of them laughed and asked,
"What day is it today, Mrs. Hill?"

To all of them Mrs. Hill said,
"It is Saturday. Today is Saturday."

And she went on making cookies.

All at once she heard a bow-wow.

"I heard a dog in the store," she said.

"I heard it there by the door."

Just then the bell went ting-a-ling,
and Susan came in to buy some apples.

"What day is it today?" asked Susan.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Hill.

"Why do all of you ask me that?"

"Don't you know why?" Susan asked.

Mrs. Hill began to think, and then she began to laugh.

"Well, well!" she said. "Now I know.

Today is my birthday, and I was too busy to think of it.

I am glad you made me think of it."

Just then she heard another bow-wow, and she could see where it came from.

It came from the basket by the door.

A letter was tied to the basket.

The letter said, "Happy birthday!

From all your friends
and neighbours
on Pleasant Street."





Ting-a-ling went the bell
as the door was pushed open.

Then the neighbour children
looked into the store.

They saw Mrs. Hill open the basket.

"Oh-h!" she said. "It is a puppy.

A fat little, brown little puppy.

Thank you for this fine surprise.

How did you know that I wanted
a puppy more than any other thing?

Now I know why so many of you came
into the store today.

You wanted to see me open the basket."



Ellen's Wish

One morning Ellen went to the store
on Pleasant Street to get some candy.

The fat brown puppy ran to her.

Round and round and round he ran.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" he said.

Then he jumped up on Ellen.

"He is glad to see you," said Mrs. Hill.

"He has a name now. It is Buzz."

Ellen began to talk to the puppy.

"Oh, Buzz!" she said. "How I wish
you could be my little dog!"



Soon Ellen went out of the store.

As she went along the walk, she heard the green door bang behind her.

How surprised she was to see Buzz running after her!

"Go back home, Buzz," she said.

Then she heard Mrs. Hill call the puppy. So Ellen took him into the store.

"Thank you, Ellen," said Mrs. Hill.

"I am glad you made Buzz come back. I don't want my puppy to run away from home."

Ellen said, "He wants to play.

Maybe that is why he ran after me."



The next Saturday morning Mrs. Hill went to the telephone to call Ellen.

Ting-a-ling went the telephone bell at the house where Ellen lived.

Ellen was playing by the telephone, so she was there to talk to Mrs. Hill.

Mrs. Hill said, "Hello, Ellen.

Please hurry to my house at once.

You will find Buzz in the back yard.

He has a letter for you. Read it, and you will know why I telephoned you."

"I will hurry," said Ellen.

She put down the telephone and ran to Mrs. Hill's yard as fast as she could.



Buzz came running across the yard,
and Ellen saw a letter tied to him.

She took it from him and began
to read it. The letter said,

Dear Ellen,

Mrs. Hill is very busy on Saturdays.

Will you take me home with you
every Saturday and play with me?

Your neighbour, Buzz

Ellen was very, very happy.

"Oh, Buzz!" she said to the puppy.

"You will be my dog every Saturday.

I'll have my wish. I'll have my wish.
I'll have my wish every Saturday."

"Bow-wow, bow-wow!" said Buzz.

He was happy, too.



Two Neighbours

Tom was running to see Jack,
and Jack was running to see Tom.

The two neighbours met in the street.

"Hello, Tom," said Jack.


"Let's play with my new game."

"Oh!" said Tom. "I was just coming
across the street to call you.

I wanted to ask you to read
my new story book with me."

But Jack did not want to read
a story book just then, and Tom
did not want to play a game.

So both boys went back home.



Jack put down his game
and sat in the yard by it.

Tom sat in his yard and looked
across the street at Jack.

"This is not fun," thought Jack.

"I will go across the street
and tell Tom I'll read his story book."

Just then Tom jumped up.

"I'll call Jack and tell him that
I'll play his game," he thought.

Then both boys began to run.

As soon as they met, they both
began to talk at once.

"I was coming across the street to read your story book," said Jack.

"I was coming to play your game," said Tom. Then he began to laugh.

"How funny we are!" he said.

"When I want to read my story book, you want to play your game.

When you want to read my story book, I want to play your game.

We want to do both, but we don't know which to do first."

Then Jack saw the name of Tom's book.

He laughed and said, "Look, Tom!

Read the name of your story book.

It tells us which to do first."

"Oh, I see!" laughed Tom. "My book tells us it is time to read.

Now we know which to do."



Going to the City

John Hill was going away.

He lived on a farm, but he was going to the city.

He was going to see his grandmother.

Too-oo-oo! The train was coming.

Soon it stopped just for John.

After he jumped on the train, he heard his family call, "Good-bye, John.

Say hello to Grandmother for us."

"Good-bye, good-bye," called John.

Too-oo! Away went the train, and John went with it.



Soon John heard a man call,
“Apples! Candy! Nuts! Balloons!”

John said, “I have just ten cents.
Can I buy a balloon for ten cents?”

“Yes,” said the man. “You can buy
any one of them for ten cents.”

John sat and looked at the balloons.

“Let me see,” he said to the man.

“Which one shall I take?

Oh, I’ll tell you. I think I’ll take
the big round one.

It looks like a funny fat man.

Here is my ten cents.”



Soon the train went more slowly.

It was coming to the city, and John saw many buildings, so many big buildings.

More and more slowly went the train.

At last it stopped.

It was in the city, and so was John.

John was the first one out of the train.

Then he met his grandmother.

She was Mrs. Hill, who had the store on Pleasant Street.

John was happy to see her, and she was happy to see him.



Mrs. Hill took John away in her car.
Down the street she went with John
and his funny balloon.

John was looking at the big buildings.

“Oh, Grandmother!” he said.

“I don’t think I like the city.

I don’t see any yards and trees here.

I don’t see any children to play with.”

Mrs. Hill said, “This street is not like
the street where I live.

I know ten children on Pleasant Street
who will be glad to play with you.”

At last they came to Pleasant Street.

Mrs. Hill stopped at her house, and John jumped out with his funny balloon.

"Oh!" he said. "I see yards and trees and houses, but I don't see any children."

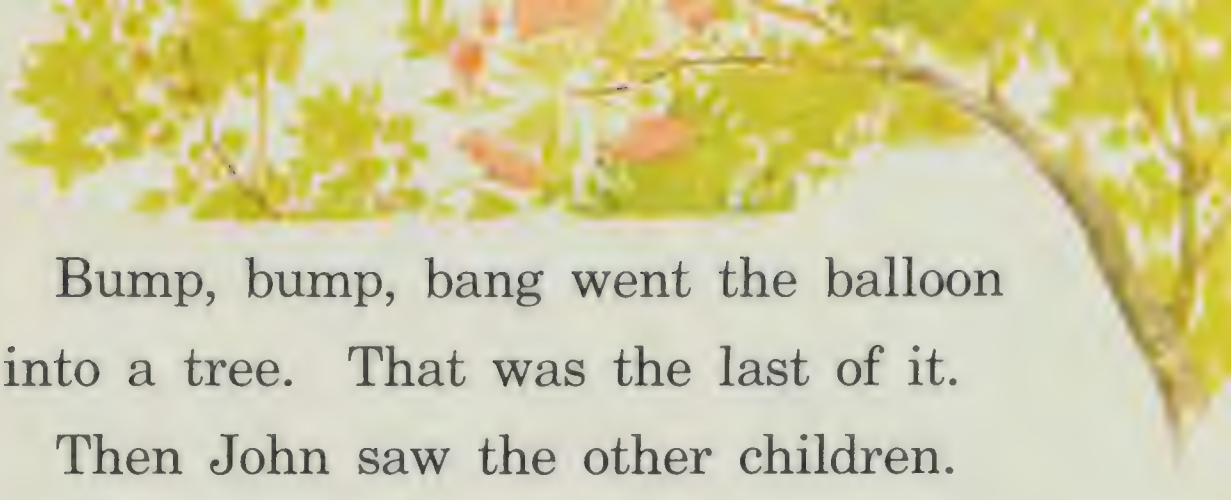
All at once the wind took the balloon.

Away it went over John's head, and John went running after it.

It went into Jim's yard next door.

Some children were under a tree, but John did not see any of them at first.





Bump, bump, bang went the balloon
into a tree. That was the last of it.

Then John saw the other children.

"Oh, hello!" he said. "I came to get
my balloon. My name is John Hill."

"Hello," said a boy. "My name is Joe.
We all know your grandmother,
and we are glad you came."

"So am I," said John.

"I have lost my balloon,
but I am glad I have found
some new friends."





A Funny Telephone

Joe's home and many more homes were all in one big building.

John was surprised when he came to see Joe one day.

"What a big house your family has!" said John.

"How can one family use all the rooms in this building?"

"Oh!" said Joe. "Don't you know that more than one family lives here?"

"No," said John, "and I don't know where you play. I don't see any yard to play in."



Then Billy came out of his back door.
Billy was Joe's neighbour, and he lived
in the building, too.

"Look," said Joe. "We'll soon get
one of Billy's funny letters.

He has put it on our line."

Then John saw a line over his head.
The line went from Billy's back door
to Joe's door, and a letter was tied on it.

Billy began to pull on the line.

As he pulled on the line, the letter
went across to Joe and John.



Joe put up his hand to get the letter.

"Well!" said John.

"That is a funny way to use this line.
Where did you get it?"

"It is our old clothes line," said Joe,
"but we don't use it for clothes.

Billy and I have fun with it.

We think it is more fun to pull letters
across it than to talk on the telephone."


After Joe had opened Billy's letter,
he laughed and said, "Look, John!

Can you read this letter?"

John laughed when he saw the letter.

"No," he said. "I can not read it."

The letter looked like this.

Get your  and



to our



John could not guess what it said,
so Joe had to read the letter to him.

"This is what it tells me," said Joe.

"Get your ball and run to our park."

"Park!" said John in surprise.

Then he looked at the letter again and
saw the ten trees that Billy had made.

"Now I know why he made the trees,"
said John. "They look like the trees
in the little park across the street.

Is that where you play ball?"

"Yes," said Joe. "I see Billy going down
to play ball now.

Let's hurry and get there first."



When Joe and John went out of the building, they met Billy.

"I am glad you could read my letter," Billy said to them.

John laughed, and then he said, "I could not read it, but Joe could.

It was a funny letter, and the way you use a clothes line is funny, too.

We have a clothes line at the farm, but we don't use it for a telephone."

"Well," laughed Billy. "Joe and I have funny ways of doing things.

We use a clothes line for a telephone, but we play ball just the way you do.

Let's hurry and play ball now."



A Pocket Full of Pennies

"See all my pennies," said Jim as he came into the store one morning.

"I have a pocket full of pennies."

Then he put in his hand and pulled out more pennies for John to see.

"Oh, Jim!" said John in surprise.

"Where did you get so many pennies?"

"From my father and my Uncle Peter," said Jim.

"Today is my birthday, and I may use my pennies for anything I please.

My father and my uncle said I might."

Then John asked, "What will you do with that pocket full of money?"

"Well," said Jim. "I think I'll use it to go to the park. I'll take you, too.

My uncle said I might ask you.

I know which way to go.

We must ride there on the street car, and we'll have rides after we get there.

We'll have rides on a pony and on a little blue train, and we'll ride round and round on a merry-go-round."

"Why, Jim!" said John in surprise.

"There is no merry-go-round or train or pony in the park on Pleasant Street, and we don't have to ride to get there."

"Oh," laughed Jim. "We will not go to that park.

We will go to another one."



John went with Jim to the park.

They got on the street car, and then
Jim took some money out of his pocket.

He took out ten pennies,
five pennies for his ride,
and five pennies for John's ride.

Then Jim's pocket was not so full
of money.

The car went on and on and on.
It went all the way across the city.
John thought the ride was fun.

At last the street car came to the park,
and John and Jim got out.



There was a merry-go-round in the park
with horses of many colours.

There was a little blue train that went
all around the park.

There was a fat brown pony that went
galloping, galloping, galloping.

John and Jim went round and round
on the merry-go-round.

They had rides on the little blue train.

They went galloping around the park
on the pony.

And Jim had to pay for every ride.



Then a man came along with balloons, yellow, green, blue, and all colours.

“Oh, John!” said Jim. “Let’s take two.

You lost a balloon when you came to the city. Now I’ll buy you another one. Tell me which colour you like.

It is fun to have a pocket full of money. We can buy everything we want.”

Jim had to pay the man ten pennies for the two balloons.

Next the boys got candy and nuts.

That took ten more of Jim’s pennies, five pennies to pay for the candy, and five pennies to pay for the nuts.

When it was time to go home, Jim said,
"Now we shall ride on the street car."

But they did not ride on the street car.

Jim didn't have the money to pay
for the rides.

He put his hands in both pockets
and pulled everything out.

He found five pennies in one pocket
and no money at all in the other.

Jim said, "I have five pennies,
but we can't both ride for five pennies.

We must stay here all day,
or we must walk all the way home."

So the boys began to walk.

They walked and walked and walked.

"Oh, my feet, my feet!" said Jim.

"How I wish I had more money!

Then both of us could ride."



All at once John said, "Oh, Jim!
There is a telephone in this store.
You can call your family."

Jim began to laugh. "Oh!" he said.
"My five pennies will pay for a call.
I'll ask Uncle Peter to come for us.
Why didn't I think of that at first?
Why didn't I use my head?"

John said, "I don't want to use
my feet any more, and we can't stay
here all day, so I just had to use
my head."



A Good Day

One morning Mrs. Hill looked outdoors.
Big drops of rain were coming down.
How fast the drops fell!
Splash! Splash! Splash!
Down fell the drops, faster and faster.
“Oh, dear, oh, dear!” said Mrs. Hill.
“Today will not be a good day for me.
The children can’t come out in the rain.
They will all stay home today.
I shall not be very busy in the store,
and so I will make some cookies.”
Soon she was as busy as could be.

Every now and then Mrs. Hill stopped her work and looked outdoors.

She wanted the rain to stop, but the rain did not stop. It fell faster.

Mrs. Hill went on making cookies.

By and by she heard the bell over the green door go ting-a-ling.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow!" said Buzz.

"Who could that be?" said Mrs. Hill.

John and Buzz ran to see who was there.

In walked a fat, jolly old man with a big umbrella in his hand.

It was Jim's jolly Uncle Peter.

"I have come to buy toys," he said.





"I'll take that toy and that and that," said jolly Uncle Peter.

"I want ten or maybe more. I want trains, cars, dolls, and balls, cats, kittens, horses, ducks, and dogs."

Mrs. Hill's eyes got very big and round.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"Do you want that many toys?"

"Yes, yes," said jolly Uncle Peter.

"I have so many little neighbours.

When it rains, they stay in the house.

When they stay in the house, they want something to play with."



Out into the street went Uncle Peter
with all the toys and his big umbrella.

His pockets were full.

His hands were full.

A yellow toy kitten, a horse, and a duck
were tied to his big umbrella.

“Quack, quack,” said the toy duck.

Mrs. Hill heard the duck quacking.

Then she heard Uncle Peter laughing
under his big umbrella.

“What a jolly, jolly man!” she said.

“He likes to make everyone happy.

Now I am glad that it rained.

Today was a good day after all.”



The Good-bye Party

Up the walk came the children
to Mrs. Hill's house on Pleasant Street.

Dick, Jane, Sally, and all the others
were there.

John ran to open the door.

"Grandmother," he said. "Just look!
All my friends are coming."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hill. "They know
you are going home in the morning.

They are coming to say good-bye.

This is a good-bye party for you."



The children began to play a game.
They played Drop the Handkerchief.
Round and round and round ran Jill
with a handkerchief in her hand.

At last she let it drop behind Sally.
Buzz saw the handkerchief drop.
He got it first and ran away with it.

"Use my handkerchief, Sally," said Dick.
So Sally ran round and round with it.
At last she let it drop behind Jane,
but Buzz got Dick's handkerchief, too.

"Oh!" said John. "Let's stop playing
this game. Buzz gets the handkerchief
every time we drop it."

"Let's play another game," said Billy. He began to tell how to play it. He said, "I'll tie my handkerchief over my eyes. Then someone will be a kitten and say mew, mew.

I must guess who said it."

After Billy had tied the handkerchief over his eyes, Jane called, "Mew, mew."

"That was Susan," said Billy.

"No, no," said Susan. "Guess again."

Just then Billy heard another mew.

This time he thought it was Peter.

But it was not Peter or Susan or Jane or any of the children.





Everyone laughed, and John said,
"Oh, Billy! You didn't guess who it was.

Now you may look and see."

Billy pulled the handkerchief
away from his eyes.

There sat Jane's big yellow cat.

"Mew, mew. Mew, mew," she said.

Then John said, "Our pets are funny.

They want to play our games, too."

Just then Mrs. Hill called the children.

"Come here," she said. "I have made
something good for the party.

I have made something good to eat."

Then the children went in and ate.
Buzz and the big yellow cat ate, too.
At last the good-bye party was over.
The children all said, "Good-bye, John.
We wish you would live with us
on Pleasant Street all the time."

"Thank you," said John.

"I should like to live in the city,
but my family lives at Hill Farm.

That is my home, and I want to see
Mother and Father and my sister.

You must come to our farm sometime
to see us. Good-bye. Good-bye."



Animal Friends



The Pet Crow

When John came home from the city,
he found a new pet at Hill Farm.

His sister had a little crow.

"Oh, Nancy Ann!" said John.

"How black he is!

What funny round eyes he has!

Where did you get that little crow?"

Nancy Ann said, "He fell from his nest
in a tree, and Uncle Joe found him.

Uncle Joe said we might have him
for a pet. His name is Black Tim.

You may take him in your hands."



As soon as the pet crow could fly,
he began to play tricks on the other pets.

When the little kittens were eating,
he would fly down into the milk.

He would splash and splash in the milk.

He would pull the mother cat's tail.

Then the cat and kittens would mew.

John and his sister would run to them
and make Black Tim fly away.

Once Tim flew to the barn and pulled
the tails of the cows and horses.

"Oh, dear!" said John one morning.

"I wish we could make Black Tim
stop playing tricks on the animals."



One morning the children's mother put some clothes on the line.

Down flew the pet crow from a tree.

He began walking along the line.

"Fly away," said Mother.

"Take your feet off the clothes."

Then she made Black Tim fly away.

The crow flew up into a tree, and soon all the clothes were on the line.

Then Mother went back into the house.



The next time she looked outdoors,
Mother had a big surprise.

"Oh!" she said. "My clothes have fallen
off the line. They are on the grass."

She ran out to the yard in a hurry.

John and his sister ran behind her.

"Oh, oh!" laughed Nancy Ann.

"See what the wind did.

It took all the clothes off the line.

The wind is playing funny tricks."

"No, Nancy Ann," John said to her.

"The wind's trick is not funny.

The wind has made more work
for Mother."



John and Nancy Ann helped Mother put the clothes back on the line.

All at once they heard the pet crow up in a tree. They heard him call, "Caw, caw, caw. Caw, caw."

"Black Tim is laughing," said John.

"He thinks the wind's trick is funny."

At last the clothes were on the line, and Mother went back into the house.

Soon John and his little sister began to shout, "Oh, Mother! Mother! Come and see what our crow is doing."



Mother ran outdoors just in time.

She saw Tim pull some of the clothes off the line and drop them on the grass.

She began to shout, "Stop, Tim, stop!"

Away flew the crow into a tree.

"Caw, caw," he called. "Caw, caw."

"He is laughing again," said John.

"What will that crow do next?"

John called to Tim, and he flew down.

Then John took him away and tied him in the barn.

"Well, Black Tim," said John.

"You have played enough tricks today."

"Caw, caw, caw," said the crow, but this time he was not laughing.



Billy Calf Runs Away

Billy Calf lived at Hill Farm.

He was big enough to eat grass, so John's father took Billy away from the mother cow. He put the calf in the barnyard to eat grass.

Around the barnyard was a white fence, and in the barnyard was fine green grass.

But that grass did not look very good to Billy Calf. He wanted to get out and eat the grass along the road.



Billy pushed and pushed and pushed.
All at once he made a big hole
in the fence.

The hole was big enough for Billy
to get out, so out he jumped.

Then he began to eat the green grass
by the side of the road.

How good that grass was!

Billy Calf walked as he ate.

He walked, and he ate, and then
he walked, and he ate some more.

He ate first on one side of the road
and then on the other side.



By and by Billy Calf came to a yard.
It was full of fine green grass,
but it had a white fence around it.
There was a big sign on the fence.
The sign said, "Look out for the dog."
But Billy could not read the sign.
He put his head over the fence
and looked at the grass on the other side.
All at once a dog ran out and jumped
at Billy's head, but Billy jumped away.
He ran and ran as fast as he could.
"Ma-ma-ma, m-m-ma," he said.



Then Billy came to the big, big road.

He saw a sign that said, "Stop."

He could not read, so he didn't stop.

Long lines of cars were on both sides of the road. The cars began to honk, and Billy didn't know which way to go.

"Ma-ma-ma, ma-ma," said Billy.

Honk, honk, honk, honk went the cars.

A man began to shout at Billy.

Then everyone began to shout at him,

"Get off the road! Get off! Get off!"

One man got out and helped the calf.

He took him to one side of the road, and the long lines of cars went on again.



Soon Billy Calf came to another sign. He could not read, so he didn't know the sign said, "Stop."

A train was coming very fast. Billy didn't see it, but he heard it. He jumped to one side just in time, and the train went by.

Billy began running down the road, and this time he didn't stop to eat.

He ran for a long time. When he couldn't run any more, he began to walk. He walked more and more slowly.



At last the calf came to a white fence with a hole in it. High over the fence was a big sign.

Billy could not read the sign, but he saw the hole. It was the hole he had made.

Then all the Hill family shouted at him, "Oh, Billy! We thought you were lost.

Where did you go?"

Billy Calf could not talk, and so he didn't tell.

After that Billy Calf was glad to stay in the barnyard. The grass at home was good enough for him.



The Strings That Flew Away

"Look, John, look," said Nancy Ann.

"See my pretty red balloon go up."

"Yes, I see," said John, "but it can't go up very high, because the string is not long enough.

Let's tie another string to it, and then the balloon can go up high."

John put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a red string.

"This is not long enough," he said.

"I will get another one."

John put the short red string down on the grass. Then he ran to the house to get another string.

Soon he found two short blue strings.

"They are very short," he thought.

"I'll tie both of them to the red string.

Then I shall have one string that will be long enough for the balloon."

John ran out to the yard, but he couldn't find the short red string.

"Oh, Nancy Ann!" he called.

"Did a kitten take my red string?"

"No, no," said his sister. "The string flew away. It flew away up high."

John laughed and said, "That was a funny thing to say.

I know the string didn't fly away, because strings can't fly."

John put the blue strings down and ran to find another string.

This time he found a short yellow one.

When he came back to the yard, the two blue strings were gone.

"Oh, Nancy Ann!" he said.

"My strings are gone, and I know I put them here on the grass.

You took them to play a trick on me."

"No, John," said his little sister.

"I didn't take them.

Your strings flew away up high.

They flew high up into a tree.

A pretty bird has them."





Then John looked up into the tree and saw a robin building a nest.

The robin had a blue string.

There were two more coloured strings in its round nest.

“Now I see,” laughed John.

“I see where my strings have gone.

They flew away with a bird.”

Then he said to the bird, “You played a trick on me, Mrs. Robin. You took my strings for your nest.

Now you may have the yellow one, too. Coloured strings will make a pretty nest.”



Jim's Little Chicken

Jim had come for a visit at Hill Farm.

It was his very first visit to a farm.

"Hello, Jim," said John's mother.

"We are all glad to see you."

"Hello," said John's father.

"Now I shall have two boys to help me.

There is a lot of work on this farm."

"Oh!" said Jim. "I'll help you a lot,
because I am going to stay ten days.

Ten days is a long visit.

I can do a lot of work in ten days."



Jim liked all the farm animals, and he liked to help feed them.

Every day he went to the barn and helped feed the animals there.

He gave corn to the horses.

He gave corn to the cows, and he gave some to Billy Calf.

Every day he would feed the hens, and he would get the eggs in the hen house.

Jim had fun with the farm pets, too.

He played with the cat, the kittens, the dog, and the pet crow.



Jim had one pet of his own.

It was a little yellow chicken.

Jim said it was his own pet, because it would eat from his hand.

John's sister named it Little Peep, because it said peep, peep all day long.

Ten days went by very fast for Jim.

When the last day of his visit came, Jim said good-bye to the family.

Then he ran out to say good-bye to his pet chicken.

"Good-bye, Little Peep," he said.

"I'll come back some day to see you."

Soon Jim was gone.

Jim did not visit the farm again for a long, long time.

Then one Saturday he came in the car with his mother for just one day.

The first thing Jim wanted to see was his own little chicken.

"Let's hurry," he said to John.

Away they ran to the hen house.

The house was full of big brown hens.

There were lots and lots of hens, but there was no little yellow chicken.

Jim was surprised. "Oh!" he said.

"Where has Little Peep gone?"



"Your pet is a hen now," said John.

"Oh!" said Jim. "Now I don't know my own chicken from all the others. Can you show me which one she is?"

"Call her," said John. "Maybe she will know you if you call her."

"Here, Peep. Here, Peep," called Jim. Just then a hen jumped off a nest.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck," she said.

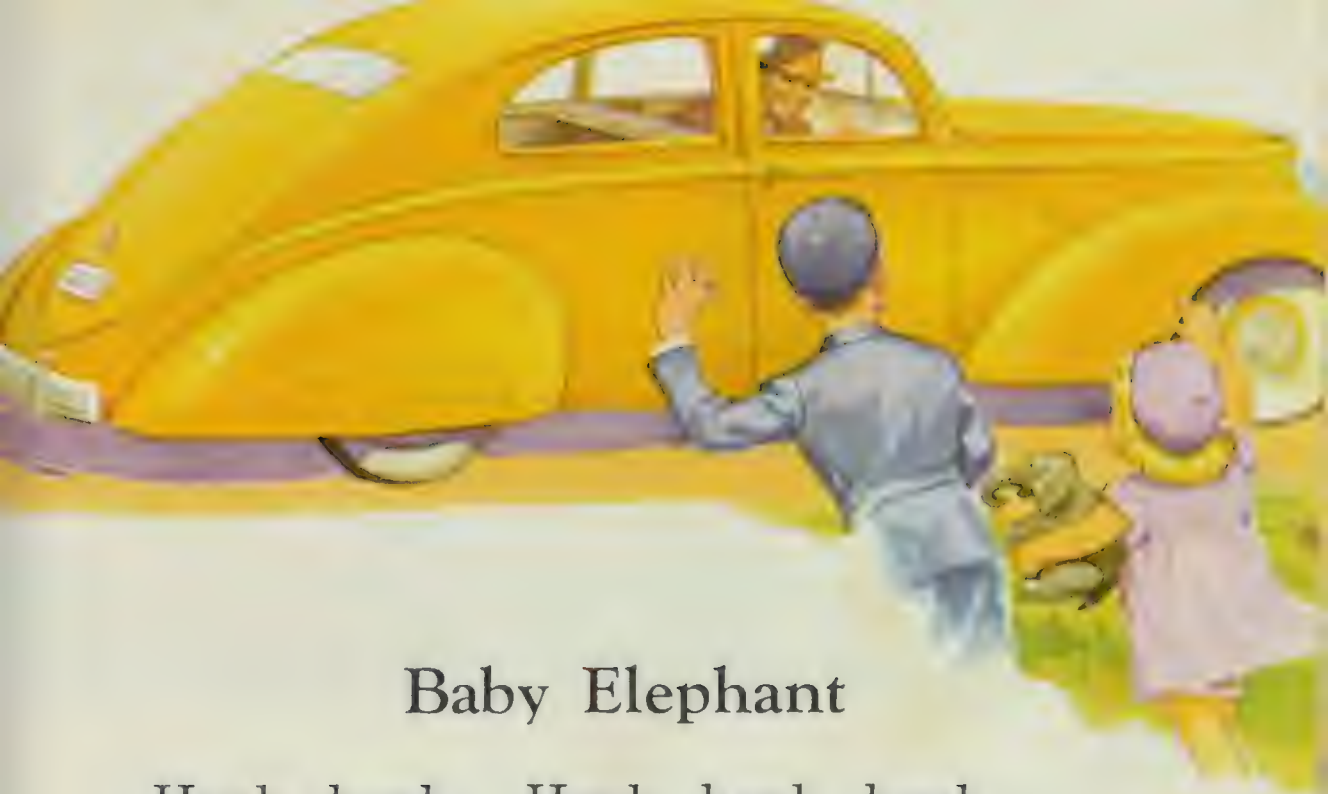
"Oh! I think she knows me," said Jim.

"I think that is my own pet chicken.

Look. There is an egg in her nest.

Maybe she gave me an egg because she is glad to see me. Now I'll feed her. I'll feed her some corn."





Baby Elephant

Honk, honk. Honk, honk, honk.

A car stopped at Hill Farm. It was Uncle Joe's car, and Uncle Joe was in it.

Out ran John and Nancy Ann.

They were going with Uncle Joe to see the circus in town.

"May I take my little toy elephant?" asked Nancy Ann. "I want to show him the big circus elephants.

Is there room enough for him?"

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Joe. "There is room enough for all of us. Jump in."



On the way to town John saw a sign on the side of a barn.

“Look,” he said. “That sign shows a lot of elephants doing their tricks.”

Nancy Ann looked at the circus sign.

“Oh, my!” she said. “The elephants can stand on their heads.

I think I’ll show my toy elephant how to stand on his head.”

She gave him a push with her hand.

“See,” she said. “My toy elephant can stand on his head if I help him.”



They got to the circus just in time to see a long line of elephants come in.

"Oh!" said John. "See their tails! They are pulling one another's tails."

"Oh, no," said Uncle Joe. "That is just a trick the circus elephants do."

"Look," said Nancy Ann.

"The last one is a baby elephant. Can it do tricks, too?"

"Oh, yes!" said Uncle Joe.

"An elephant couldn't be in a circus if it didn't know how to do tricks."



A man with a red hat and red clothes was talking to the elephants.

“Roll over! Roll over!” he shouted.

All the big elephants rolled over.

The baby elephant did not roll over, so the man gave her a big push, and over she rolled.

“See,” said Nancy Ann.

“The circus man helped Baby Elephant do that trick.

My toy elephant could roll over, too, if I helped him.”



“Stand on your heads!” shouted the man.

All of the big elephants could stand on their heads, but the little one could not.

She fell over on her side with a bump.

John said, “Maybe Baby Elephant is not big enough to be in a circus.

She can’t do the kinds of tricks that the other elephants do.”

Just then the man helped her, and Baby Elephant did that trick, too.



Next the man shouted, "Stand up!"

One by one the big elephants began to put up their front feet.

Every one of them could stand up.

But Baby Elephant could not, so the man with the red hat helped her put up her front feet.

"Oh, oh!" laughed Nancy Ann.

"Baby Elephant can do all kinds of tricks if the man helps her.

She is just like my toy elephant.

They both can do tricks if someone shows them how and helps them."



Finding a Pet

See, Bee, and Wee were three sisters.

They had other names, but their mother and father called them See, Bee, and Wee.

They had just come from the city to live on the farm next to Hill Farm.

See, Bee, and Wee liked the farm.

"We can have pets here," they said.

"Yes," said their father. "We have room enough for pets to live here.

Some pets are in the barn now.

Come and see if you like them."



In the barn they found a pony for See.
They found a goat and a wagon for Bee.
But there was no pet for Wee.
Wee ran to her father and asked,
“Did you forget me?”

I want a pony and a goat, too.”

“Oh!” said her father. “One pony
and one goat are enough for this family,
but I did not forget you.

You must have another kind of pet.

Soon you will have a pet of your own.”

Wee helped feed the goat and the pony.
She had fun with them, too.

She had rides on the pony's back,
and the goat gave her rides in the wagon.

But Wee wanted a pet of her very own.

One day she put on her new coat
and her pretty new hat.

"I'll find a pet of my own," she said,
so up the road she went.

All at once a pretty bird flew down
in front of her. It was a robin.

"A robin would make a good pet,"
said Wee.

She ran after it, but she didn't catch it,
because it flew high up into a tree.

"Well," she thought. "A robin can't be
a pet, because a robin will fly away.

I must catch another kind of pet."



Next Wee ran after a little mouse,
but the mouse ran down a hole.

“Oh!” she said. “A mouse can’t be
a pet, because it likes to live in a hole.”

Next she ran after a squirrel,
but the squirrel ran up a tree.

Then Wee ran after a rabbit.

She ran fast, but the rabbit ran faster.

Wee fell down and bumped her head.

Off flew her pretty new hat, but she
got up and put her hat on again.

“I’ll catch some kind of pet,” she said,
and away she went.



At last Wee came to some water.

She saw some fish in it.

"Fish!" she shouted. "I see fish.

I see pretty coloured fish in the water.

I'll get a pretty coloured fish for a pet."

Wee splashed her hands in the water.

Splash, splash went the water all over her hat and the front of her new coat, but she could not catch any fish.

"Oh, dear!" said Wee. "I can't catch a fish or a rabbit or a squirrel.

I can't catch a mouse or a robin, and I can't find any other kind of pet.

I shall have to go home without a pet."

On the way home Wee met her father coming from town.

She said, "Oh, Father! I wanted a pet.

I ran after a robin and a mouse and a squirrel and a rabbit, and I splashed in the water for a fish, but they all got away."

Then Wee saw Father take a puppy from under his coat, a little white puppy with a black spot around one eye.

"A dear little puppy!" shouted Wee.

She took it in her hands and said, "Oh, Father! You didn't forget.

You gave me a pet after all, a pet of my very own."





Hallowe'en Fun

It was time for Hallowe'en fun.

See and Bee had on old coats and hats of Father's.

They both looked at Wee. She had on an old coat and hat of Mother's.

All three girls began to laugh.

"We don't look like us," said Wee.

"Well," said Bee. "We don't want to look like us on Hallowe'en.

Don't forget that we want to fool everyone on Hallowe'en."

Just then the front door opened, and Father came in.

"Hello, hello," he said.

"Where are my little girls going in the funny old coats and hats?"

"Oh!" said Bee. "We didn't fool you.

Oh, dear! It won't be like Hallowe'en if we can't fool someone."

Then Father said, "I'll show you how to fool everyone on Hallowe'en."

Father got some water colours. Then he painted See, and he painted Bee, and he painted Wee.



How funny the three girls looked then! They had white and red and yellow lines painted all around their eyes.

They had blue spots of paint here and green spots of paint there.

"Now we don't look like us," said Wee.

"Now we can fool John and Nancy Ann.

When night comes, we will all go to their house and fool them.

They won't know who we are.

We can have Hallowe'en fun after all."

Just then the puppy came running into the room. He looked at the girls and began to sniff and sniff.

He sniffed at See, he sniffed at Bee, and he sniffed at Wee.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow," he said.

Then he jumped up on Wee.



"Oh, Puppy!" shouted Wee in surprise.

"You know just which one I am.

My funny old clothes and painted spots
didn't fool you at all."

Then Bee said, "Oh, dear me!

Our funny old clothes and painted spots
didn't fool Puppy, so they won't fool
John and Nancy Ann.

Now we shall not have any fun at all
on Hallowe'en."

All at once the three girls heard
a noise in the barn.

Ee-ee! Ee-ee! Ee-ee-ee!

"Oh, dear me!" said See. "I know
who is making that noise. It is Pony.

He is hungry, and that is the way
he tells me he wants something to eat."

Then the girls heard another noise.

B-a-a, b-a-a! B-a, b-a, b-a!

"Goat is making that noise," said Bee.

"He is hungry, too."

Bang, bang, bang went Pony's feet
on the side of the barn.

Bump, bump, bump went Goat's head.

"Oh, my!" said Wee. "Let's hurry.

Goat and Pony are very hungry.

We must not forget to feed the pets
just because it is Hallowe'en."



“Ba-a!” said Goat when Bee opened the barn door.

Then he ran at her with his head down and bumped her out into the barnyard.

Bee rolled over and over.

See and Wee jumped up on the fence before the goat could bump them, too.

“Oh, Bee!” called See. “Goat didn’t know you. You fooled Goat.”

“Yes, I did,” said her sister, “but it was not fun to fool him.

Goats don’t know about Hallowe’en. They don’t like to be fooled.”

New
Story Book
Friends



Little Rooster and the Sun

Once there was a little rooster who did not like the dark.

One morning before the sun was up, Little Rooster went into the barnyard.

He flew up on the fence and looked all around him.

It was dark, and Little Rooster wished the sun would come up.

He tried and tried to say so.

He tried to tell the sun to come up, but when he tried to talk, he made a funny noise.

"C-c-c, c-c-c," was all he could say.



Again and again Little Rooster tried to talk to the sun. At last he said, "Cock-a-doodle-doo. Cock-a-doodle-doo. Cock-a-doodle-doo. Cock-a-doodle—doo."

Just then up came the big round sun.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo," said Little Rooster.

"I made the sun wake up."

All day long Little Rooster walked around the barnyard with his head high.

He would not eat with the hens and ducks and little chickens.

"I am hungry," thought Little Rooster, "but I won't eat. I want to think about the way I made the sun come up."



“Cluck, cluck, cluck,” said the hens.

“Quack, quack, quack,” said the ducks.

“Peep, peep,” said the little chickens.

“Why do you walk with your head so high? Why won’t you eat any food?”

Then Little Rooster said, “I have something wonderful to think about, something I did early this morning.”

“Cluck, cluck. Quack, quack. Peep,” said the hens and ducks and chickens.

“What did you do? Tell us about it.”

Little Rooster shouted to them all, “I won’t tell you, but if you wake up early in the morning, I’ll show you.”

Next morning all the hens and ducks and all the little chickens got up early.

They ran out into the barnyard before the sun was up.

They all heard Little Rooster when he flew up on the fence and crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo. Cock-a-doodle-doo. Cock-a-doodle-doo. Cock-a-doodle—doo."

Just then up came the yellow sun.

"See! I made the sun wake up," said Little Rooster.

"So you did," shouted all the others.

"What a wonderful rooster you are!"

To this very day all roosters crow early in the morning as the sun comes up. They all crow, "Cock-a-doodle—doo."





Baby Rabbit's Name

Baby Rabbit was ten days old, and he did not have a name.

"Let's call him Bunny," said his father.

"No, no," said his mother.

"No, no, no," said his grandmother.

"Why not?" asked his grandfather.

Then Mother and Grandmother Rabbit both said, "Because every baby rabbit in the woods is named Bunny."

Our baby is more wonderful than any other baby in the woods.

He must have a name of his own."

Then all the big rabbits sat down and tried to think of a name.

Soon old Grandfather Rabbit said, "I am too hungry to think about names. Let's eat dinner first."

"No," said Mother Rabbit.

"First we will think about names, and then we will eat dinner."

They tried to think of a good name.

They thought of all kinds of names, but not one name pleased Mother Rabbit.

Soon Grandfather jumped up and said, "We shall never think of a name.

I am going to the woods to talk to my friend, Mr. Ground-hog.

Maybe he can think of a good name."

Hop, hop, hop went Grandfather Rabbit to visit the ground-hog.

Old Grandfather Rabbit had to wake Mr. Ground-hog from his sleep.

"Wake up. Wake up, my friend," shouted old Grandfather Rabbit.

"I want to take you home with me and show you our new baby.

No one has ever seen any other baby as wonderful as he is. We want you to help us think of a good name for him."

Mr. Ground-hog came to his front door.

"Do stop that noise," he said.

Then he opened his eyes and saw that the sun had not gone down.

"It is too early for me to wake up," he said. "I won't come out before dark."



Three of Mr. Ground-hog's neighbours heard Grandfather Rabbit talking to Mr. Ground-hog.

Mrs. Brown Bear, Mrs. Squirrel, and Mrs. Crow were the three neighbours.

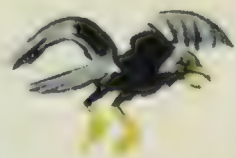
Each one thought, "A baby rabbit can't be more wonderful than my baby."

Before Grandfather Rabbit went away, each neighbour called to him.

Each one said, "I will come to see the new bunny rabbit at your house.

I'll see if he is more wonderful than any baby I have ever seen."

Then each neighbour went as fast as she could to the rabbit's home in the woods.





"Well," thought Mother Bear.

"This baby is not as big as my baby."

"Well, well," thought Mrs. Squirrel.

"What a short tail this baby has!

It is not long like my baby's tail."

"Oh!" thought Mrs. Crow. "His coat is not black like my baby's coat."

Then each mother said, "Well, well.

This little baby rabbit looks just like any other rabbit I have ever seen.

The right name for this baby is Bunny."

"No, no," said Mother Rabbit.

"That is not the right name for my baby."

After the other animals had gone away, Grandfather Rabbit said, "Oh, dear!

If we do not think of a good name, I shall never get any food.

It is dark now, and so Mr. Ground-hog has had enough sleep. I'll wake him up.

Maybe he can think of the right name. Then I may eat my dinner."

Hop, hop, hop went Grandfather Rabbit out of the front door.

Just then the ground-hog came along.

"Hello," he said. "It is night now, so I came to see that wonderful——"

But before he could say anything more, Grandfather Rabbit said, "How glad I am to see you!

You came just in time to help us think of a name for our baby."

Mr. Ground-hog looked at the baby.
He saw that it was like all the rabbits
he had ever seen, but he did not say so.
He said, "What a wonderful baby!
What a wee little nose he has!
See how it wiggles and wiggles."
"Oh!" shouted Grandfather Rabbit.
"Wee Wiggle Nose is the right name
for a rabbit who can wiggle his nose."

"Yes, it is," said Mother Rabbit.
"It is a wonderful name for our baby.
We will call him Wee Wiggle Nose.
No other rabbit ever had that name.
Thank you, Mr. Ground-hog, thank you.
At last our baby has the right name."
Old Grandfather Rabbit began to hop
up and down, and then he shouted,
"Now at last I may have my dinner."



Little Bear and the Honey

One fine morning a little brown bear went walking. He went into the woods to see what he could see.

He walked along, and he walked along, and he walked along.

When dinner time came, he was hungry, so he began looking for food.

He looked first on one side and then on the other for some food that he liked.

All at once Little Bear began to sniff with his black nose. Sniff. Sniff.

He could smell something very good.

"M-m-m!" he said. "I smell honey."

Little Bear sniffed at each tree as he went along. At last he stopped under a high tree and sniffed again.

"M-m-m," he said. "My nose tells me the honey is up in this big tree.

Honey is the food I like best of all, and I can smell it right here."

Little Bear saw a round dark hole high up in the tree.

"Oh, oh!" he said. "I know where the honey is. It is in that dark hole. I will climb the tree and get it."

Then Little Bear began to climb as fast as he could climb.





Little Bear^{gl} climbed all the way
up to the round dark hole.

Then^{pc} he put his black nose into it.

Out flew some bees. There were
more bees than he had ever seen.

They buzzed around his head and
began to sting his little black nose.

¹⁰⁰ Buzz! Buzz! Sting! Sting! Sting!

Little Bear took his black nose
out of the hole in a hurry.⁵¹

Down that tree he climbed.

He ran right out of the woods,
and right home to his mother.⁶⁴

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By the time Little Bear got home,
there was a big puff on his nose.

When Mother Bear saw it, she said,
"I know what you tried to do.

You tried to get some honey, and
you let the bees sting you."

"Oh, Mother!" said Little Bear.

"I will never climb a honey tree again,
because I don't want any more stings."

Mother Bear said, "Soon that puff
on your nose will be gone.

You will forget all about the stings
when you want honey again.

Next time don't let the bees stop you."



A Pie for Billy Goat

Mother Pig and Jolly Little Pig lived in a small white house in Animal Town.

In front of the small white house was an apple tree.

On the tree were the best apples in Animal Town.

One day Jolly Little Pig said, "M-m-m! How I wish I had an apple pie!"

"Well," said Mother Pig. "I'll make apple pies for dinner today, but first I must go to the store to buy some things."

She put on her coat and hat. Then she took a basket and went out.

Jolly Little Pig stayed at home.



Soon Red Cow and her calf came by.
They both looked over the fence.

"Ma-ma-a-a," said the calf.

"Moo, moo, moo," said Red Cow.

"What fine apples! Just smell them.

Let's take five or six small ones."

"Please don't," said the little pig.

"Mother is going to make apple pies,
and we must use all our apples.

If you will come back at six o'clock,
she will give each of you a pie."

"Moo, moo, thank you," said Red Cow.

Then the cow and her calf went on.



Next Gray Pony came galloping along. He stopped in front of the apple tree. "Ee-ee!" he said. "What fine apples! How good they smell! Please pull off four or five and give them to me."

"Oh, no!" said the pig. "If I do that, my mother will not have enough apples to make apple pies."

Just wait, Gray Pony.

Just wait until six o'clock, and then we will give you an apple pie."

"Fine!" said Gray Pony. "I'll be glad to wait until six o'clock."

Then the pony went galloping off.

By and by Billy Goat came along.
He stopped and looked over the fence.

"What fine apples!" he said.

"I think I'll eat the biggest ones.

The biggest ones will be the best."

"Oh, please don't!" said Little Pig.

"Mother is going to make apple pies,
and we must use all our apples.

Just wait until six o'clock, and then
you may have the biggest pie of all."

But Billy Goat would not wait.

Right over the fence he jumped,
before Little Pig could stop him.





Billy Goat ran at the apple tree.

He bumped it with his head until
ten big red apples fell off.

Billy Goat ate all ten of them.

“See!” he said, as he wiggled his nose
and swished his short white tail.

“Didn’t I say I would eat some apples?

But I won’t forget about the pies.

I’ll pay you another visit at six o’clock.

When the pies are ready, you must
give me the biggest and best one of all.”

Then Billy Goat jumped over the fence
and ran down the road.

Soon Little Pig saw his mother coming.

He ran to tell her about Gray Pony, Red Cow and her calf, and Billy Goat.

When Mother Pig heard about Billy, she said, "He thinks he is very funny, but he won't think so at dinner time, because I know a trick to play on him. I'll give him a pie that he won't forget.

Just wait until six o'clock and see."

Then Mother Pig began making pies.

At six o'clock Gray Pony, Red Cow and her calf, and Billy Goat came to the door.

"Are the pies ready?" they all asked.

"Yes," said Mother Pig. "Come in.

The pies are all ready for you."

"I am ready, too," shouted Billy Goat.

"I want the biggest pie of all, and I see which one it is."

Billy began to eat the biggest pie.
All at once he shouted, "Oh! Oh!
My pie has no apples in it. My pie
is full of grass."

"Yes, I know it is," said Mother Pig
with a merry laugh.

"You ate your apples this morning."

"Oh, Billy!" laughed the other animals.

"Your pie may be the biggest,
but our small pies are the best."

"Ba-a-a," shouted Billy Goat. "Ba-a."

Then out of Mother Pig's house he ran,
banging the door behind him.



The Candy Tree

It was early in the morning, and the sun was just coming up.

Up, up it came until it was looking down on a big park.

It looked down on the trees and down on little Bobby Squirrel.

Bobby was sleeping in his soft nest high up in a tree.

When the yellow sun looked down into his nest, Bobby Squirrel woke up.

He opened his sleepy eyes, and then he wiggled all over.



"How hungry I am!" thought Bobby.

"I am ready for my breakfast."

Down the tree he ran and began to eat the nuts on the ground.

He ate and ate until he heard a noise.

Then he looked round.

Some children were making the noise as they went running across the park.

All at once Bobby saw something drop out of a boy's pocket.

What a pretty colour it was!

It was a small red candy egg.

Then four more candy eggs fell out.

They were red, green, blue, and yellow.

Bobby Squirrel had never seen any eggs like them.



Bobby sniffed at the small coloured eggs on the ground. Sniff. Sniff.

"They can't be bird eggs," he thought.

"I have never seen anything like them.

They smell better than nuts.

I'll eat one and see if it is better."

Bobby ate one of the pretty eggs.

How soft and good it was!

He ate one egg after another until at last he had just one green egg.

"I won't eat this one," thought Bobby.

"I'll show it to Grandfather Squirrel.

Maybe he can tell me what it is and where I can get some more like it."

Away ran Bobby with the egg.





Old Grandfather Squirrel was sleeping in his nest when Bobby came.

"Good morning," said Bobby Squirrel.

"See this pretty thing I have found.

It is good to eat. It is better than nuts.

Do you know what kind of food it is?"

The sleepy old squirrel opened one eye.

First he looked at the soft green egg.

Next he smelled it, and then he said,

"This looks and smells like candy."

"Oh-h!" said Bobby. "Please tell me where I can get some more."

Then the sleepy old squirrel said,

"I have seen children eat candy,

but I never knew where they got it."

Bobby sat there thinking and thinking.

At last he said, "Maybe candy grows on trees, just the way nuts do.

I'll dig a small hole in the ground and put this candy in it. Maybe a candy tree will grow right here on this spot.

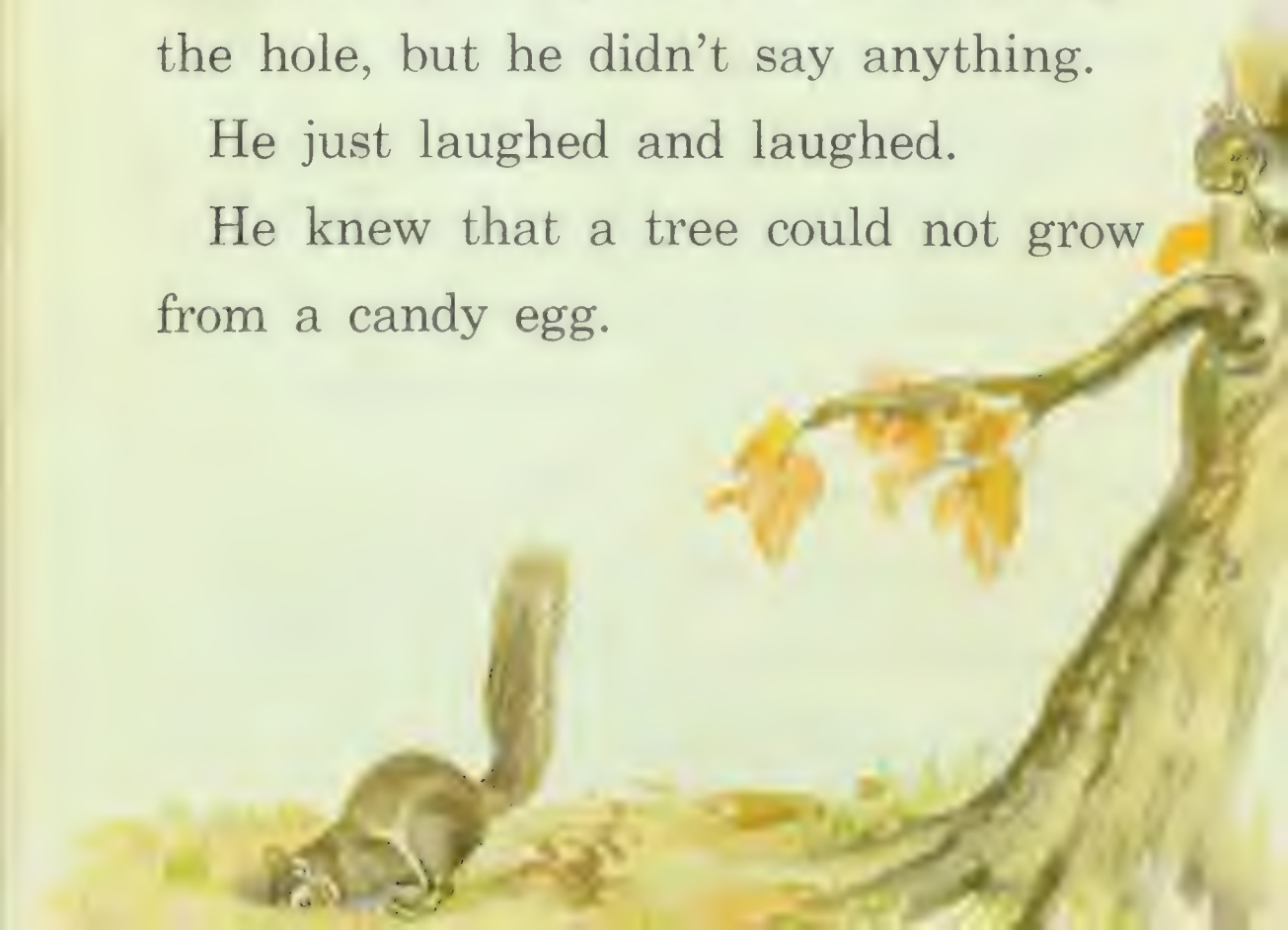
Then I'll have all the candy I can eat."

Down the tree he ran and began to dig a hole in the ground.

Grandfather Squirrel saw Bobby dig the hole, but he didn't say anything.

He just laughed and laughed.

He knew that a tree could not grow from a candy egg.





Bunny Rabbit Makes a Home

Bunny Rabbit and his mother liked to eat cabbage every day. That is why they lived in a cabbage field.

Their home was a hole in the ground.

One day at breakfast Bunny said,
"I want a home of my own."

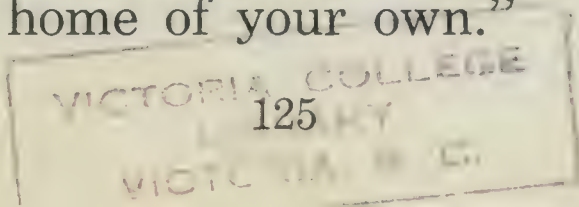
"Wait, Bunny," said his mother.

"Wait until you grow some more."

Each day Bunny ate lots of cabbage, and he began to grow big and fat.

At last one day Mother Rabbit said,

"Now, Bunny, you are big enough to dig a home of your own."





Then Mother Rabbit showed Bunny a spot where he could dig his own home.

"Dig in this cabbage field," she said.

"Dig here by the side of the fence."

Little Bunny Rabbit thought he knew all about making a home, so he made a hole far down in the ground.

He put soft grass and lots of leaves in the hole to sleep on.

"Now my new home is ready," he said.

But Mother Rabbit knew better.

"No," she said. "It will not be ready until it has two doors.

A rabbit's home must have a back door that is far away from the front door."



So Bunny made a small back door to his home. He made the back door far away from the front door.

It was on the other side of the fence.

"That is better," said Mother Rabbit.

"Now you can use both doors.

You can go in through the front door and come out through the back door.

Or you can go in through the back door and come out through the front door."

Bunny sat and wiggled his nose for a long time. By and by he asked, "Why must I use two doors?"

"Just wait," said Mother Rabbit.

"Some day you will find out why."

The next morning Bunny was eating his breakfast in the cabbage field.

Hop, hop, hop went the rabbit from one cabbage to another.

Wiggle, wiggle went his soft nose as he ate the good green leaves.

All at once he heard a dog in the field.
Bow-wow. Bow-wow. Bow-wow.

The dog was coming fast, very fast.

Bunny knew the dog would catch him if he didn't run faster than it did, so Bunny did run faster.

His short white puff of a tail went through his front door just as the dog got there.





Sniff, sniff went the dog's nose.

"I can smell that rabbit," he thought.

"He is in this hole. I'll catch him."

The dog began to dig at the front door.

But Bunny didn't stay in his hole.

He ran out through his back door
as fast as he could run.

He did not stop running until he was
a long way from the cabbage field.

He didn't go back to his home again
until the dog had gone far, far away.

At last he knew why a rabbit's home
must have two doors. That is one way
a rabbit can fool a dog.



Little Bear's Wish

One morning after breakfast Mrs. Bear went into her yard to rake leaves.

Little Bear went with her.

Mrs. Bear had a long rake, and she raked leaves very fast.

Little Bear had a short rake, but he didn't rake very fast.

More and more slowly went his rake.

At last he let it drop on the ground.

"Why did you stop?" asked his mother.

"Because I am tired," said Little Bear.

"I am too tired to rake leaves."

“You don’t have to rake the leaves,”
said Mother Bear.

“You may catch fish, or you may get
some honey for breakfast tomorrow.”

“No,” said Little Bear. “I splash water
in my eyes when I catch fish,
and the bees sting my nose when
I get their honey.”

Then Mother Bear said, “Maybe you
would like to play or sleep.”

“No,” said Little Bear. “I don’t want
to play, and I don’t want to sleep.”

Mother Bear said, “I can’t guess what
you want to do. You must tell me.”

Then Little Bear said, “I wish
I could do nothing—just nothing.”

“Well, well!” said Mother Bear.

“I shall have to think about that.”

Mother Bear thought for a minute, and then she said, "Tomorrow you may have your wish. Tomorrow is your birthday.

You may do just as you please all day."

"Oh, Mother!" shouted Little Bear.

"How wonderful that will be!

I'll wake up early tomorrow morning, and I'll do nothing all day long."

Next morning, just as the sun came up, Little Bear went to the woods.

He soon found some soft green grass under a large tree.

"I like this spot," he said.

"I'll stay right here all day long and do nothing—just nothing."



The wind made a soft swishing noise as it blew through the trees.

It blew through the tree over his head, and it blew through the trees far away.

It blew across the grass, and it blew on Little Bear.

There he stayed under that large tree, doing nothing—just nothing.

By and by Little Bear got sleepy.

"I wish I had something to do," he said.

"I am tired of doing nothing."

In just a minute Little Bear knew what would make him happy.

Back through the woods he ran.

"Oh, Mother!" he said. "Now I want to get some honey or catch some fish."

But Mother Bear said, "I got honey this morning, and Father got some fish."

"Oh, please, Mother!" said Little Bear.
"Please think of something I can do.

I am so tired of doing nothing."

Mother Bear said, "Night is coming,
and you are very sleepy. You must
go to sleep now.

I will give you some work tomorrow.

You may help us get ready for winter.

We must have a large winter home,
and you may help Father Bear dig it."

"Fine!" said Little Bear.

"Tomorrow I will dig and dig and dig.
Work is more fun than doing nothing."

Next day he was busy every minute,
and he was as happy as a bear could be.





The Circus Parade

"Come, come, come!" called
the big, big drum.

"Get ready for the circus parade."

Baby Elephant heard the drum,
and she knew what the drum was saying,
but she did not get ready for the parade.

She was tired of being in a circus.

She was tired of doing tricks.

She did not want to stand on her head
or stand up on two feet.

She did not want to roll over and over.



"I'll run far away from that drum,"
thought Baby Elephant.

Then she heard the drum again.

"Come, come, come!" called
the big, big drum.

"Get ready for the circus parade."

All the other animals got ready,
but Baby Elephant just said, "Don't talk
to me, old drum, old drum.

I don't like parades, and I don't like
the circus. I'll run away and hide.

I'll find a place where I can hide."

So Baby Elephant ran away to look
for a place where she could hide.



Soon Baby Elephant came to a garden,
and there she met a mouse.

"Hello," said Baby Elephant.

"This garden is a wonderful place.

I think I'll stay right here and hide
from everyone in the circus."

"Then help me pick cabbage and corn
before the snow comes," said the mouse.

"Why?" asked Baby Elephant.

"Because we must be ready for winter,"
said the mouse. "We can't find any food
in the garden when the snow comes.

You had better think about that."

"Good-bye," called Baby Elephant.

"I won't live in this garden, because
I don't want to pick cabbage and corn."



Before long Baby Elephant stopped in a park, and there she met a squirrel.

"Hello," she said. "I like this place. I think I'll stay here and hide."

"Then you must begin to pick up nuts," said the squirrel. "We must hide them before the snow comes."

"Why?" asked Baby Elephant.

"Because we must be ready for winter," said the squirrel. "When the snow comes, we can't find any food on the ground.

You had better think about that."

"Good-bye," called Baby Elephant.

"I won't stay another minute, because I don't want to pick up nuts."



Baby Elephant went on until she saw a horse standing in a large field.

"Hello," she said. "I like this place. I think I'll stay here and hide."

"Well," said the horse. "Begin at once to cut some grass. We must put grass in the barn before the snow comes."

"Why?" asked Baby Elephant.

"Because we must be ready for winter," said the horse. "We can't find any grass to eat when snow is on the ground.

You had better think about that."

Baby Elephant said, "I am thinking about it this very minute, Mr. Horse.

I won't live here and cut grass."



Soon Baby Elephant came to the woods.

There she met an old brown bear, who was making a hole in the ground.

"Hello," said Baby Elephant. "This is a wonderful place.

I think I'll stay here and hide."

"Then don't stand there and talk," said the bear. "You must begin at once to dig a large hole in the ground."

"Why?" asked Baby Elephant.

"Because you must sleep in a hole all winter just as I do," said the bear.

"If you are going to live in the woods, you must sleep in a hole all winter.

You had better think about that."

All at once Baby Elephant heard the circus drum again.

Then she said, "I don't want to live in a garden or a park or a field or in the woods.

I don't want to pick cabbage and corn. I don't want to hide nuts or cut grass or sleep in a hole in the ground.

The circus is the best place for me."

Then she called to the big, big drum, "Wait for me! Here I come!"

She ran back to the circus as fast as she could, and she got there just in time to be in the parade.





Mrs. Goose Has a Party

Right after breakfast one Saturday Mrs. Goose thought of something that she wanted to do.

“I’ll have a party,” she thought.

“I think I’ll have it today.

Saturday is a good day for a party, because this is the day I bake pies.

I’ll have the party at four o’clock.

I’ll ask Mrs. Red Hen, Mrs. Squirrel, Mrs. Rabbit, and The Three Ducks.

I must hurry, hurry, hurry.

I have lots and lots of work to do.”



Mrs. Goose looked up and saw that it was after ten o'clock.

"Oh, me! Oh, me, oh, my!" she said.

"The morning will soon be gone.

I must hurry, hurry, hurry and clean my house before I bake the pies."

Mrs. Goose began to clean her house.

She worked and worked and worked.

"There!" she said at last.

"My three small rooms are as clean as can be. Now I will bake some pies. I will bake some little cakes, too.

Everyone likes my good honey cakes and apple pies."

It was one o'clock when Mrs. Goose began to bake the pies and the cakes.

First she cut the apples. Then she got the honey and milk and eggs ready.

"Oh, me, oh, my!" she said to herself.

"I must hurry, or my cakes and pies will not be baked by four o'clock."

Mrs. Goose worked fast, and everything was ready before it was time for the party.

Then Mrs. Goose was very, very tired.

"I think I'll sit down for a minute," she said to herself.

As soon as she sat down, she went right off to sleep.



In ten minutes Mrs. Goose woke up.

"Oh, me, oh, my!" she said to herself.

"It will soon be four o'clock.

I must hurry, hurry, hurry and
put on my best clothes.

I must be ready for my own party."

She put on her very best clothes
and looked at herself.

"How fine I look!" she thought.

"I know I am the best looking goose
in Animal Town."





It was just four o'clock.

The pies were baked and cut.

The honey cakes were ready, too.

The rooms were clean, and Mrs. Goose had on her best clothes.

"Now I will sit down," she thought.

"I will sit down until my friends come."

Mrs. Goose sat there all by herself until five o'clock.

"Oh, me! How late my friends are!" she thought. "Will they never come?"

All at once Mrs. Goose heard the wind.

Oo-oo! How it blew!

She went to the door and looked out.

"My!" she said to herself. "It is raining. No one will want to come out in the wind and the rain, but I'll sit down and wait anyway."



At ten minutes after five Mrs. Goose got up and looked out again.

She saw The Three Ducks splashing through the water in the road.

Behind them came three blue umbrellas.

Under the umbrellas were Mrs. Rabbit, Mrs. Red Hen, and Mrs. Squirrel.

They were all going right by the house, just like a parade.

"Honk! Honk!" called Mrs. Goose.

"You are late."

"Late?" quacked The Three Ducks.

"Late for what?"

"Late for my party," called Mrs. Goose.

Then all six of the animals called,
“You didn’t ask us to any party.

Did you forget to ask us?”

Mrs. Goose looked surprised.

“Oh, oh!” she said. “I did forget.

I was too busy cleaning my house and
making my cakes and pies.”

“Oh, well!” quacked the ducks.

“We are late, but we will be glad
to come anyway.”

“Yes, yes, come in,” said Mrs. Goose.

“Please come in and sit down.”

The six animals came in, and
Mrs. Goose had a good party after all.



Work on Pleasant Street



The Big Surprise

It was the time for leaves to fall,
and the children were glad to see them
fall on Pleasant Street.

Brown and yellow leaves were falling
in every yard. They came falling down
on all the walks and on the streets.

The wind blew them here, and the wind
blew them there, and the children's feet
went swishing through them.

Swish, swish, swish, swish, swish went
the children's feet, all the way to school
and all the way back again.



At last every yard on Pleasant Street was full of coloured leaves.

One Saturday Zeke came to rake them.

He was the man who raked the leaves, watered the yards, cut the grass, and made the gardens on Pleasant Street.

The fathers were very busy downtown.

They were glad to pay Zeke to do this work for them, and Zeke was glad to do it.

When the children saw him coming, they called, "Hello, Zeke.

We will help you today."

"Fine!" called Zeke. "I like to have a lot of help when leaves are falling."



Then Zeke showed the children the best way to rake leaves.

First he raked all the leaves into long lines across Patty's yard.

Then swish went his rake down a line.

Each time that his rake went swish, he raked a line of leaves into a pile.

Zeke and the children raked until there were piles and piles of leaves.

They raked first in Patty's yard and then in the neighbours' yards.

At last all the leaves were in piles and ready for them to take away and burn.

"Oh, Zeke!" said Susan.

"May we burn the leaves today?"

"Yes," said Zeke. "It will be all right to make a fire today. There is no wind."

Zeke and the children took the leaves into Mrs. Hill's garden to burn them.

There they saw a pile of bricks.

Zeke said, "We will burn the leaves on this pile of bricks."

"May we start the fire right now?" asked Patty.

"No, Patty," said Zeke. "Not now, not until dark."

After dark the children came out, and Zeke started the fire.

When the pile of leaves began to burn, all of the mothers and fathers came out. Mrs. Hill and jolly Uncle Peter came, too.



Zeke and Dick stayed by the fire.

All the others stayed by the fence.

"M-m-m," said Zeke. "I like to smell leaves when they are burning.

This is what I call a good smell."

The large pile of leaves burned up fast.

Then Zeke put more leaves on the fire.

After all the leaves had burned, Zeke said, "Now I have a surprise."

He raked the burned leaves off the top of the bricks. Next he pushed the bricks away from the fire.



Then Zeke's rake pulled out something round and black.

"Baked potatoes!" shouted the children.

"Now we know why Zeke wanted to burn the leaves on top of the bricks.

He had potatoes under them."

There were baked potatoes for everyone.

There were baked potatoes for all the children and all the fathers and mothers. There were baked potatoes for Zeke and Mrs. Hill and jolly Uncle Peter.

"M-m-m," said Ann. "It would be fun to bake potatoes this way every night."

"Yes," said Zeke, "but you would get tired of helping me rake the leaves."



The Biggest Apple

There was just one apple tree on Pleasant Street.

That tree was in Billy's yard, and early in the fall it was full of red apples.

After school one day Billy and some of his friends began to pick them.

"You may eat all the apples you want," Billy told the boys.

"The apples you eat will be your pay for helping me pick them."

"Good!" said Jack. "Apples will be all the pay we want for our work."

The boys climbed the apple tree and picked until dark. Next morning they got up early and began picking again.

"Don't try to get the apples at the top of the tree," Billy told the boys.

"Father pays Zeke to climb to the top and pick the apples there."

Just then the boys heard the first bell at school, and so they had to stop.

They did not want to be late.

At that very minute an apple fell from the top of the tree. It fell down on a basket under the tree.

It was bigger than any other apple in the basket. It was bigger than any apple on the tree.

It was bigger than any other apple that the boys had ever seen.

All the boys saw the apple fall on top of the basket, and each boy wanted it.

Billy didn't ask which boy wanted that apple. He just took it and tried to push it into his side pocket.

All the other boys began to put apples into their pockets, too.

Soon it was time to leave for school.

Away they went with their pockets and their hands full of fine red apples.

Billy knew he had to hurry to school, but that big apple would not go into his side pocket.

His back pocket was bigger, so he tried to push the apple into it.

At first it would not go in, but at last Billy pushed it in, and he got to school before it was time for the second bell.



The children in Billy's room sat down.

Billy tried to sit down, but the apple in his pocket made a big bump, so that he couldn't sit down very well.

All the children sang, and Miss Gray told them a story. Then they began to do their school work.

Billy didn't work, because he had to try to get the apple out of his pocket.

He tried to pull it out, and he tried to push it out.

He pushed at it and pulled at it, but it would not come out.

Billy wiggled this way and that way until he saw Miss Gray looking at him.

He tried not to wiggle any more, but he just had to get that big apple out of his pocket somehow.

Miss Gray looked at him a second time.

Then Billy told her about the apple that wouldn't come out of his pocket.

"Please try to get it out," he said.

"You may have to cut my pocket."

"Oh, my, no!" said Miss Gray.

"I won't cut your pocket.

I'll just cut the apple."

Miss Gray cut the apple and took it out of Billy's pocket. Then it was not the biggest apple any longer.





The Potato Man

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.

The Potato Man was coming to town.

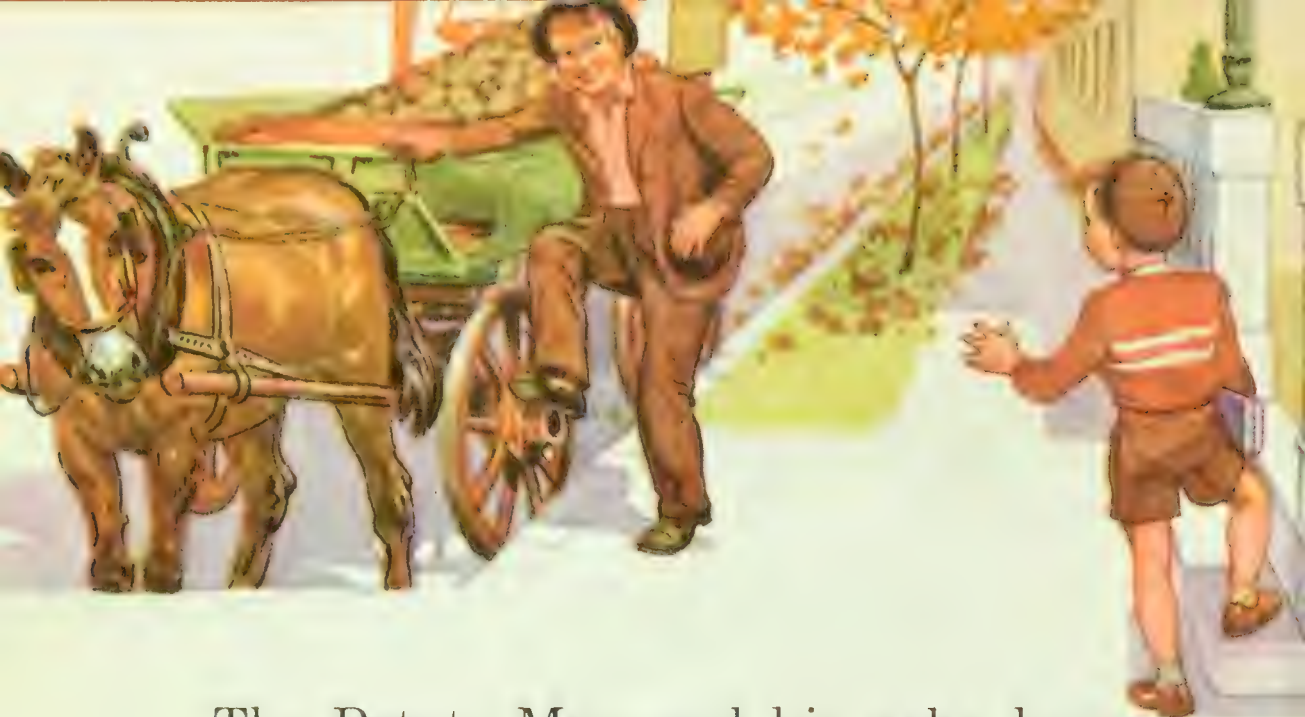
He always came early in the fall,
and every woman on Pleasant Street
always came out to buy his potatoes.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling went
the bell on his old green wagon.

His poky, old brown horse stopped
first at one house and then at another.

At each house a woman came out.

Each woman told the Potato Man
that his potatoes were the biggest and
best potatoes she had ever seen.



The Potato Man and his poky horse came to a building that was bigger than any other on the street.

It was the building where Joe lived, and he was coming home from school.

The Potato Man saw him coming.

“Wait a second,” he called to Joe.

“Do you want something nice that is in my coat pocket?

You don’t have to buy it.

I will give it away.”

“Is it a potato?” asked Joe.

Then he came to see what it was.



It was not a potato.

It was a small, gray and white kitten.

The man said, "I found it as I came to town with my potatoes.

I am sorry for this nice little kitten, because it is lost and very hungry.

I wish you would feed it and keep it."

Joe said, "I have one kitten now, and Mother wouldn't let me keep another one.

I am sorry it is lost and hungry.

I'll give it some milk, and try to find a nice home for it."

"Fine!" said the Potato Man, and he gave the kitten to Joe. Then he clucked to his poky old horse and went on.

Joe gave the lost kitten some milk.
Then he put on an old hat and coat.
Next he tied a bell to his wagon and
went down the street.

"Now I am just like the Potato Man,"
Joe thought.

Ting-a-ling went his bell.

If a woman came out, Joe would say,
"Do you want something nice that is
in my coat pocket?"

You don't have to buy it.

I'll give it away."

Then Joe would show her the kitten.

Each woman was sorry for the kitten,
but no one would keep it and take care
of it.



All at once the Potato Man's horse came galloping down the street.

He was not a poky old horse now.

He was galloping along because he was in a hurry to get to his barn.

He was happy to be going home.

The Potato Man was happy, too.

All his potatoes were gone, and he had lots of money in his pocket.

"Wait!" shouted Joe. "Wait a second."

The man stopped, and then Joe said, "I am very sorry that I couldn't find a home for the lost kitten.

I tried, but no one wants to keep it.

Some people liked it, but they had all the pets they could take care of.

Some people just have no time to take care of any pets at all."

“Well, well!” said the Potato Man.

“If city people will not keep this kitten,
I’ll take it home with me.

On my little farm there is always room
for one more kitten.

It will always have milk enough,
and it can always catch a nice, fat mouse
in the barn.

Don’t be sorry for this kitten any more.

It will never be lost or hungry again.

I will try to take good care of it.”

The Potato Man took the kitten. Then he
clucked to his horse, and away they went—
the Potato Man, the old brown horse,
and the small kitten.





Who Cleaned the Walk?

“Wake up, sleepyheads, wake up!”
Mother called to Peter and Ellen
one cold winter morning.

“Go to the window and look outdoors.”
The two sleepy children got up and
ran to the window.

“Snow fell last night,” they shouted.
Through the front window they saw
soft white snow everywhere—on trees
and walks and on top of the houses.

“Look!” said Peter. “See the holes
in the snow. Father’s feet made them
as he went to work early this morning.”

Mother came to the window and said,
"See how deep the snow is on the walk.

Grandmother is coming at ten o'clock
to visit us, and she must not walk
through that deep, cold snow."

Ellen said, "Why don't you call Zeke?
He will shovel the snow off the walk."

"I telephoned Zeke," said Mother,
"but other people had telephoned, too.

He must take care of their walks first.
He will not get here before ten o'clock."

"May I shovel the snow?" asked Peter.

"It is not too cold for me to go out."

"I am sorry, Peter," said Mother.

"You are too small, and the shovel is
too large, and the snow is too deep.

After breakfast you and Ellen may play
in the snow."



When the two children ran outdoors, they heard Zeke in Dick's front yard.

Zeke always sang when he worked, and he always sang about himself.

"Hello, Zeke," called Peter and Ellen.

Zeke was making a lot of noise, and he didn't know they had called.

The faster Zeke worked, the faster he sang. This is what he sang,

"In the cold, cold winter

Zeke shovels the snow,

The deep, deep snow.

In the cold, cold winter

Zeke shovels the snow."



Peter and Ellen rolled a ball of snow up and down the walk.

The ball got much bigger as they rolled it through the deep, soft snow.

They rolled the snowball off the walk. Then they began to roll another ball of snow up and down the walk.

The second snowball got bigger, too—much, much bigger.

The children heard Zeke all the time. He did not once stop his work.

How fast he shovelled and sang!

How he made the snow fly as he sang about himself and his work!



"Look, Zeke," called Peter and Ellen.

"See our funny, fat snow man."

Zeke came to look over the fence
at the big snow man. Then he saw that
all the snow was gone from the walk.

"Who cleaned your walk?" he asked.

Before the children could say anything,
their mother opened a window and asked,
"How did you clean the walk?"

"Oh!" said Ellen. "We didn't clean it."

Just then Peter laughed and said,
"Our snow man cleaned the walk.

Our snow man did it all by himself."



The Christmas Tree

It was two days before Christmas when the first big snow-fall came.

Then the children on Pleasant Street had fun in Evergreen Park.

In winter there was always so much nice, clean snow in Evergreen Park, and the children had fun playing in it.

They could play all kinds of games in the park, and no one ever cared how much noise they made.

They always had jolly times there, but they thought they had more fun in winter than at any other time.



Some of the children were playing by a large evergreen tree.

Sally May looked at it and said, "That large green tree looks just like a Christmas tree."

"Oh, no, Sally May," said Patty.

"Christmas trees have pretty lights. They have lots of pretty coloured lights."

"Well," said Jill, "maybe we can put some pretty lights on this tree. Then it will be a beautiful Christmas tree."

It will be much more beautiful than any Christmas tree we have ever had.

Then we shall have a fine surprise for all the people on Pleasant Street."



Just then Joe said, "Here is Big Bill. Let's tell him what Jill wants to do."

When they told him, Big Bill said, "First we must find out if you can use the tree for a Christmas tree.

I'll talk to the man who takes care of the park and ask him about the tree, but who will put the lights on it?

You children can not do that."

"No," said Jill, "and we can't ask our fathers, because it is a surprise."

"I'll telephone Zeke," said Susan.

"He is our friend. He will help us."

Then Susan hurried away.

The next day at two o'clock Zeke met the children in Evergreen Park.

They had brought six strings of lights.

"Six strings won't make much light," Zeke said. "We must try to get more if we want a beautiful tree."

They did not have enough money to buy any more lights.

Then along came Big Bill with strings of red and yellow lights in his hands.

"I brought you all the lights I had," he said. Then Big Bill stayed to help put the lights on the tree.



When the Christmas tree was ready, everyone went home to dinner.

Zeke ate his dinner. Then he hurried to a store to get something for the tree.

It was a surprise for the children.

He wanted to put it up by himself, when no one was there to watch him.

The children were busy at home.

They were telling everyone that they had a beautiful surprise in the park.

They told their fathers and mothers.

They telephoned to Uncle Peter and to Miss Gray and the other neighbours.

"Merry, merry Christmas!" they said to each friend and neighbour.

"Please come out to Evergreen Park right after dinner. Try not to be late.

We have a big surprise for you."

All the people on Pleasant Street hurried to the park that night.

All the children and all the fathers and mothers came.

Mrs. Hill and Miss Gray came, and so did jolly Uncle Peter.

Big Bill came and brought his family.

There they saw the Christmas tree with pretty coloured lights all over it.

"Oh, how beautiful!" everyone said.

"What a beautiful, beautiful tree!"

Just then Patty shouted, "Oh, look!

Look at the top of the tree."





There was a beautiful light at the top of the Christmas tree.

It was the biggest light of all, and right under it was Zeke's head.

"Oh!" he said. "You came too soon, or I came too late. I don't know which.

I brought one more light for the tree, and I wanted to put it up when no one was here to watch me."

All the people laughed and called, "Merry, merry Christmas, Zeke!

Thank you for the beautiful light."

Everyone thought, "How could we ever get along without Zeke?"



Zeke and the Birds

In the spring Zeke always came and made the gardens on Pleasant Street.

One nice spring day Dick and Jane saw him making Mrs. Hill's garden.

"Oh, Zeke!" called Dick. "We want to help you put the seeds in the ground."

Then Zeke said, "Why don't you make a small garden of your own this spring?"

"We will," said both children at once.

"We will buy the seeds right now."

"Not so fast," Zeke said to them.

"Stay here and watch me for a minute. I'll show you how to make a garden."



Next day Zeke helped Dick and Jane get the ground ready for their seeds.

Then they began to plant the seeds in short lines across the garden.

"Don't plant the seeds too far down in the ground," Zeke said to the children. "And don't plant them too near the top."

At last all the seeds were planted.

"It is lots of fun to make a garden in the spring," Jane said.

"When our seeds grow, we shall have all the good things we can eat, and Zeke may help us eat them."

The next morning a nice spring rain began to fall. As soon as it stopped, Zeke came along.

Dick and Jane were watching for him.

"Hello," said Zeke. "That spring rain will make your seeds grow into plants.

I always say there is nothing better than spring rain to make plants grow."

"Oh, Zeke!" said both the children.

"We'll never have any plants.

The birds keep picking all our seeds out of the ground."

Zeke hurried to the garden to see for himself.

"Oh, those birds!" he said. "Just see how they are eating your seeds."



When Zeke and the children hurried into the garden, the birds flew away.

Zeke said, "I'll have to do something to keep those birds away from the seeds."

"I know what you can do," said Jane. "Put bricks over the seeds to hide them."

"Yes," said Zeke. "Bricks would hide the seeds, but the seeds couldn't grow under the bricks."

Oh, well! If I use my head, I'll think of something to scare those birds."

At last Zeke thought of something.

He brought a long stick and pushed it deep into the ground.

He put a short stick across the top of the long stick.

Then he brought an old coat and hat and put them over the sticks.



"Why, Zeke!" shouted Dick and Jane.

"You have made a scarecrow!"

Just then the wind began to blow.

"Look," said Zeke. "See how the wind blows the scarecrow's coat.

See how it blows his handkerchief.

Let's stand near the fence and watch."

They all walked away, and the birds began to fly back to the garden.

When they saw the scarecrow's coat and handkerchief blowing, they flew away in a hurry.

"That scares those birds," said Zeke.

"I told you I could think of a way to scare them if I used my head."



How Johnny Helped

One fine spring day Patty and Ellen were playing in Patty's back yard.

"Johnny, come and play," called Patty.

Johnny shook his head and said,

"Oh, no, Patty. I can't play today.

I have too much work to do.

It is time for spring cleaning.

I am going to help Uncle Peter paint the back fence. I want to help Zeke, too. I'll help him work in the yard.

I'll pick up the sticks and other things that the wind blows into the yard."



Soon Uncle Peter came to the girls and said, "I am sorry I shall have to ask you to move.

We can't paint all of the fence until you move those things away from here.

Johnny will help you move your dolls to another place."

Johnny brought his wagon and piled the playthings in it.

He moved them to the front yard and put them under a tree.

"Thank you, Johnny," said the girls.

"Now," said Johnny to himself, "I'm going to help Uncle Peter and Zeke."



Then the girls heard a buzzing noise.
Z-z-z! Z-z-z! It was coming near!
Zeke was beginning to cut the grass.
When he cut the grass, he always sang.
He sang about himself, and he sang
about his work. This is what he sang,

“Zeke cuts the grass,
The long green grass.
Zeke cuts the grass
In the spring.”

When Zeke came near them, he said,
“I’m sorry, girls, I’ll have to ask you
to move. I must cut the grass here.”

Zeke saw Johnny near by.

"Oh, Johnny!" he said. "Please help Patty and Ellen move their playthings."

Johnny brought his wagon and piled the things in it again. Then he began to pull it across the yard.

"Pull, pull!" said Johnny to himself.

"All I do is pull the wagon here and pull the wagon there."

Just as Johnny went by, Zeke called, "Thank you for helping me."

Johnny shook his head and said, "No, no, Zeke. I'm not helping you.

I'm helping the girls move.

I have to move all their playthings from one place to another.

I'm sorry I have no time to help you at all."

"Why, Johnny!" said Zeke. "You are helping me right now.

You are helping me when you move the playthings out of my way."

"Am I, Zeke?" asked Johnny.

"Oh, my, yes," said Zeke.

He began to cut the grass again, and he sang about his work again.

Johnny hurried on across the yard, pulling the wagon, and he sang, too. This is what he sang,

"Johnny pulls the wagon,
The red and yellow wagon.
And Johnny helps Zeke
In the spring."





I Won't Forget

Ann was feeding Dick's rabbit when Zeke came walking through the yard.

"Hello, Zeke," called Ann.

"Come and see my nice rabbit."

Zeke shook his head in surprise.

"Your rabbit," he said. "It looks like Dick's Bunny Boy to me."

Ann laughed and said, "Yes, Zeke.

You are right. This is Bunny Boy, but he will be my rabbit for ten days.

Dick and his family have gone to visit his grandmother. I told him that I would take care of Bunny Boy."

"Well, Ann," said Zeke. "Try to take good care of Bunny Boy.

Some children will feed a pet one day and forget all about it the next day, but Dick never forgets.

Every morning he gives cabbage leaves to Bunny Boy to make him grow fat.

Every morning he cuts grass for him.

Every morning he gives Bunny Boy some water and cleans his house.

I should never be afraid to let Dick take care of one of my rabbits, if I had any rabbits."

"Just wait, Zeke," Ann said to him.

"I'll try to be just like Dick.

Don't be afraid that I'll forget to feed Bunny Boy. I'll keep him nice and fat.

Just wait, and you will see."

For five days Ann did not forget.

On Saturday the family was going on a long boat ride with Grandfather.

The boat ride was all Ann thought of.

On Saturday morning she got up early, and she talked about the boat ride every minute.

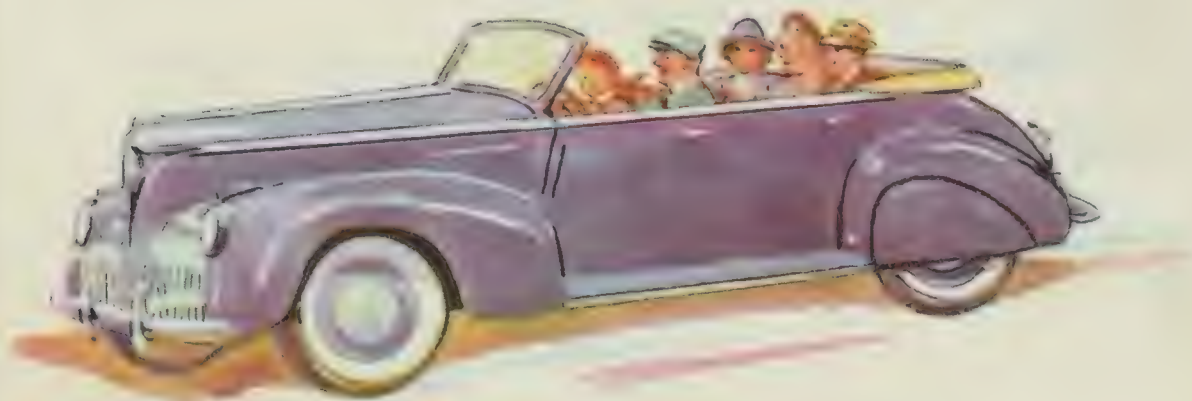
After breakfast Ann helped her mother get a basket of food ready.

Soon it was full of cookies and cakes and many other good things to eat.

Then Father put the basket in the car.

"Hurry," said Grandfather. "We don't want to be late and miss the boat."

They got into the car and hurried off.





When they came near the water,
Grandfather said, "There is the boat.

I will leave the car here until we
come back from the boat ride."

"My!" said Ann. "Won't it be fun
to ride on the water and eat our dinner
on the boat?"

Then she thought about the rabbit.

"Oh, dear!" she said to herself.

"I didn't feed Bunny Boy or give him
any water this morning.

I don't want to miss the boat ride,
but I can't let Bunny Boy stay at home
all day without any food."

"Stop, stop! Please stop," called Ann.

Grandfather stopped the car at once.

"Why? Why?" asked everyone.

"I didn't give Dick's rabbit any food or water this morning," answered Ann.

"I'll go right back on the street car and feed Bunny Boy.

I am sorry to miss the boat ride and all the fun, but I must go back."

Grandfather shook his head and said, "You shall not miss the fun, Ann, and Dick's rabbit will not miss his breakfast.

I will take you back home and wait until you feed the rabbit. I will ask the man on the boat to wait for us."

Back they all went to Dick's house.

When they got there, Ann jumped out of the car and hurried into the yard.



There was the white rabbit eating cabbage leaves, and Zeke was near by.

Zeke was watching Bunny Boy wiggle his soft little nose as he ate the cabbage. He wiggled it all the time he ate.

"Oh, Zeke!" said Ann. "I did forget."

Zeke shook his head and said, "Oh, no!

You came back as soon as you thought about Bunny Boy, and I'm glad you did.

Now I know you will never forget.

Now I should not be afraid to let you take care of my rabbits, if I had any rabbits."



The Big Shovel

"Oh, Father!" called Peter and Ellen.

"See that big thing going by.

What is it? Where is it going?"

"It is a big shovel," answered Father.

"I don't know where it is going, but we will try to find out. We will ride behind the shovel until it stops.

Then we shall see where it is going."

So the children climbed into the car, and the car moved along behind the shovel.



"This is just like a parade," said Ellen.

"The big, slow shovel is in front, and one car full of people is right behind it.

Our car is next, and four more cars are coming behind us.

Turn around and look, Peter.

Turn around and look at the parade."

Peter turned around and looked.

"Yes, it is like a parade," he answered.

"That big, slow shovel makes me think of a poky old elephant in a circus parade. I'm going to call it Old Elephant Shovel."

The big, slow shovel came to a place where there were no buildings at all. Then it turned off the street and stopped.

The other cars went on, but Father turned his car off the street.

He said, "We will stay here and watch the shovel work. It is starting to dig a hole in the ground."

Peter and his sister watched it dig, and their eyes got bigger and bigger.

"What is the hole for?" asked Ellen.

Her father answered, "When the hole is big enough and deep enough, some people will build a house over it."





Next day they went back to the place where the big, slow shovel was working.

The hole was much, much bigger.

“Oh!” said Ellen. “Will the people build a house right over the shovel?

Will it always stay in the hole?”

Then Peter said, “That is just what I want to know, too.

Old Elephant Shovel can dig himself in, but how will he get himself out?”

“Just wait,” answered Father.

“Wait until tomorrow. Then you will see how the big, slow shovel gets out.”

When they all went back next day, the hole was bigger. It was deep, too.

Peter said, "Old Elephant Shovel is slow, but he can do a lot of work.

Soon the people can build the house."

"Oh, dear!" said Ellen.

"Now I'm afraid the big, slow shovel will never get out. He can't jump out, and he can't fly out of that deep hole."

"No," said Peter, "he is so large that no one can get him out. The people will have to build the house over him."

"Just watch," answered Father.

"Then you will see how he gets out."

When the hole was big enough and deep enough, the big, slow shovel stopped working for a minute or two. Then it turned and started to dig again.

"Look at the shovel now," said Ellen.

"It is making the hole bigger."

Father shook his head.

"Wait and see," he answered.

"Old Elephant Shovel will dig a road for himself up one side of the hole.

That is how he will get out."

"Oh, I see now," laughed Peter.

"Old Elephant Shovel digs himself in, and he digs himself out.

He won't let anyone build a house over him."



**Old
Story Book
Friends**



The Boy and His Goats

Once upon a time there was a boy who had three fine goats. Every morning he took them up a hill to eat grass.

One day the boy was tired and sleepy, and he went to sleep under a tree.

When he went to sleep, his goats ran into a corn field.

By and by the boy woke up and saw his three goats eating the corn.

First he called to them, and then he picked up a stick and ran after them.

The three goats would not come out of the corn field. Then the boy sat down and began to cry.



By and by Brother Rabbit came along.

"Why do you cry, little boy?" he asked.

"Oh, oh!" answered the boy.

"I cry because I can't get my goats out of the corn field."

"Crying won't help," said the rabbit.

"I'll show you how to get those goats out. I'm not afraid of those goats."

The rabbit hurried after the goats.

The three goats ran and ran, but they would not come out of the corn field.

Brother Rabbit ran until he was tired.

Then he turned around and came back.

He sat down and began to cry.

He cried, and he cried, and he cried.



Soon after that a red fox came along.

“Well, Brother Rabbit,” he said.

“Why do you sit there and cry?”

The rabbit stopped crying for a minute.

Then he said, “I cry because the boy is crying.

The boy is crying because he can’t get his goats out of the corn field.”

Then the fox said, “Crying won’t help. I’m not afraid of those goats.

I’ll get them out of the corn field.”

The fox ran until he was tired, but he could not make those goats come out.

He turned around and came back.

Then he sat down and began to cry.

He cried, and he cried, and he cried.

Then a merry little honey bee flew by.

"Well, Brother Fox," said the bee.

"Why do all of you sit there crying?"

The fox answered, "I am crying because Brother Rabbit is crying.

He is crying because the boy is crying.

The boy is crying because he can't get his goats out of the corn field."

"Stop your crying," said the bee.

"Crying won't get those goats out.

Watch me! I'll make them come out."

Then the fox stopped crying and said, "How can a little bee do something that a boy and a rabbit and a fox can't do?"



"Watch me!" said the merry little bee.
"The goats are afraid of my sting."

Z-z-z, z-z-z it buzzed as it flew into
the biggest goat's hair.

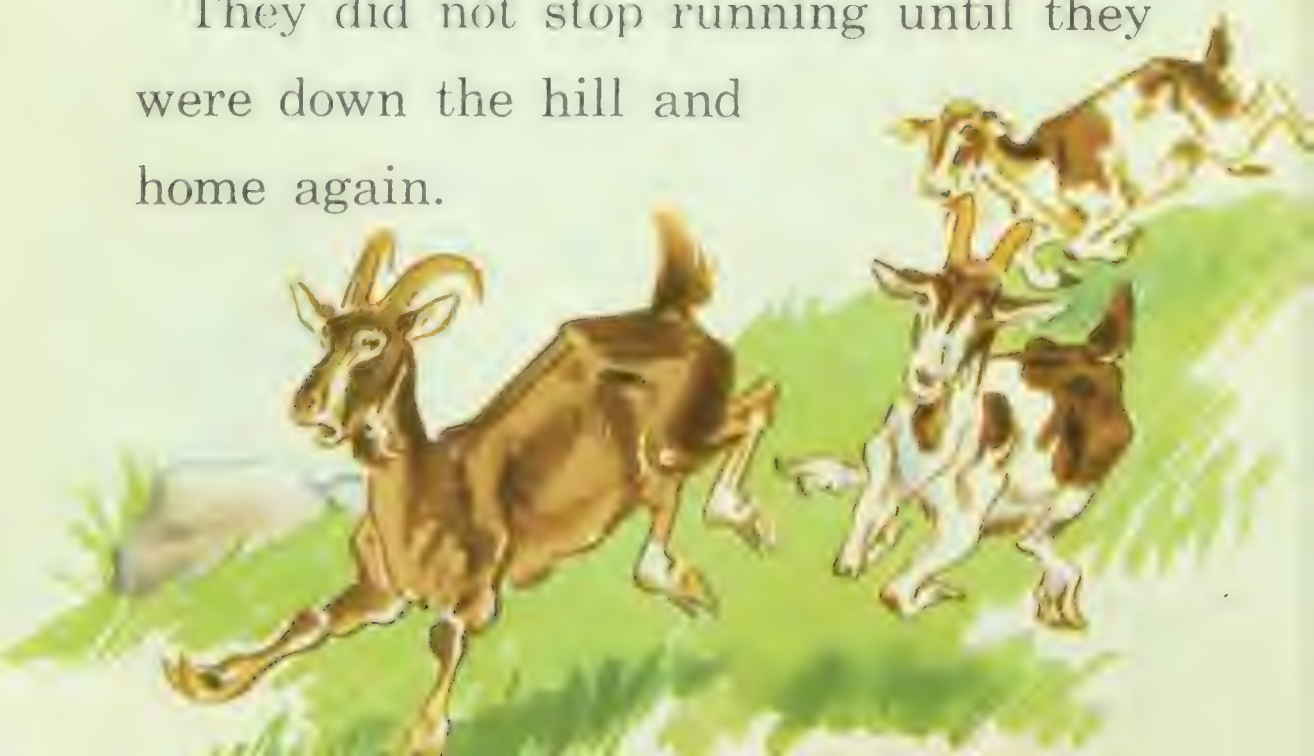
The biggest goat shook himself and
tried to make the bee go away,
but the bee stayed in his hair.

All at once the bee began to sting.

"B-a, b-a," said the goat. He made
so much noise that he frightened
the others.

Then all three goats began to run.

They did not stop running until they
were down the hill and
home again.





The Three Little Pigs

Once there was an old mother pig who had three little pigs.

One day she said to them, "You are big enough now to find your own food and build your own homes.

But look out for the wolf, because I can not take care of you any more."

"Oh, Mother!" said the first little pig. "We are not afraid of any old wolf."

"Oh, no!" said the second and third little pigs. Then they all hurried away to build their own homes.



Soon the first little pig met a man who had a pile of straw.

“Will you please give me some straw to build a house?” asked the pig.

“I want to build a house of my own to live in.”

The man gave the pig some straw.

Soon the pig had a nice straw house to keep out the cold wind and the rain.

Then the wolf came along and saw the little pig through the window of the little straw house.



“Let me in, Little Pig. Let me in,”
called the wolf.

The pig knew it was the old wolf
at the door of his little straw house.

“No,” answered the frightened little pig.
“Not by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin.
You are the wolf, and you can’t come in.”

“Then,” said the old wolf, “by the hair
on my chinny-chin-chin, I’ll huff and puff,
and I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed and puffed, and he blew
the straw house in. Then the wolf ate
the first little pig to the very last hair
on his chinny-chin-chin.

The second little pig met a man who gave him some sticks to build a house.

Soon the pig had a house of sticks to keep out the cold wind and the rain.

Along came the hungry old wolf.

"Let me in," he called at the door.

The second little pig saw the wolf through the window, and he cried out, "Not by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin. You are the wolf, and you can't come in."

"Then," said the old wolf, "by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin, I'll huff and puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and puffed, and he huffed and puffed.

At last he blew the house in. Then he ate the second pig to the very last hair on his chinny-chin-chin.

The third little pig met a man who gave him some bricks to build a house.

Soon the pig had a nice brick house to keep out the cold wind and the rain.

Then along came the hungry old wolf.

"Let me in. Let me in," he called.

"No, no," cried the third little pig.

"Not by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin. You are the wolf, and you can't come in."

"Then," said the old wolf, "by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin, I'll puff and puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and huffed and huffed.

He puffed and puffed and puffed.

Then he huffed and puffed again, but all his huffing and puffing couldn't blow the brick house in.



The wolf stopped huffing and puffing.

Then he said, "Oh, Little Pig! I know a field that is full of fine cabbages.

Let's go together and get some cabbage for breakfast tomorrow. I'll come for you at six o'clock in the morning."

The next morning the third little pig hurried to the field at five o'clock and brought home some cabbage.

At six o'clock the wolf came and said, "Are you ready to go, Little Pig?"

"Oh!" laughed the pig. "You were slow in coming, Mr. Wolf. I went to the field before the hot sun came up. Just see my fine cabbage."



The wolf knew that he could not blow the brick house in, and so he had to try to make the pig come out.

“Dear Brother Pig,” called the wolf.

“Not far from here is an apple tree with good red apples growing on it.

Let’s get some tomorrow morning.

Be ready at five o’clock, and we will go together to pick the apples.”

The next morning the pig got up at four o’clock and ran to the apple tree. Up he climbed and began to pick apples.

Then along came the hungry old wolf.

The little pig was so frightened that the hair on his chinny-chin-chin shook, and he shook, too.

He shook so much that an apple fell and went rolling along on the ground.



Away rolled the apple down the hill,
and the old wolf went running after it.
Then the pig climbed down and ran home.

Next morning the hungry wolf went
to the third little pig's house again.

The little pig was at the window,
and the wolf tried to look very pleasant.

"Dear Little Pig," he said, "let's go
to town together and visit the stores.

Be ready at four o'clock tomorrow.

We can go to town and be back home
before the sun gets too hot."

"Fine!" said the pig. "I'll buy a churn.
My old churn is not good enough to use."

The next morning the third little pig woke up at three o'clock. He hurried to town and got a new churn.

When he was ready to go home, he saw the wolf coming to town.

As quick as could be, the pig jumped into the churn to hide from the wolf.

Then the churn began to roll downhill. It rolled right at the old wolf.

When the wolf saw the churn coming, he was afraid.

As quick as could be, he turned and ran away. Then the third little pig rolled home in his churn.



Early the next day the wolf came back.

"I have fooled you again, Mr. Wolf," called the little pig with a merry laugh.

"I went to town early, and I brought a fine new churn home with me. I was in my churn when it frightened you."

The old wolf looked up at the chimney.

All at once he shouted, "By the hair on my chinny-chin-chin, I know how I'll get in. I'll come down the chimney."

He jumped up on top of the house and began to climb down the chimney.

A pot of hot water was on the fire.

When the wolf came down the chimney, he fell into the pot of hot water.

And that was the last of the wolf.





Johnny Cake

An old woman, an old man, and a boy all lived together in an old, old house.

One day the little old woman made a nice, round johnny cake for dinner.

She put the cake in a pot, and then she put the pot under the brick chimney near the hot fire.

"Don't let the johnny cake get too hot and burn," the woman said to the boy.

"Sit here on the floor until it bakes."

The woman and man went out together to work in their garden. The boy sat on the floor to watch the johnny cake.



Soon the boy turned his head away from the pot to look out of the window.

Then, bang! went the top of the pot as Johnny Cake jumped down to the floor.

Across the floor and out of the door he rolled as quick as could be.

Across the floor and out of the door ran the boy right after him.

“Stop, Johnny Cake!” cried the boy.

The old woman and the man stopped their work and ran, too, but they were too slow to catch Johnny Cake.

They all ran until they were tired.

Then they went back home.



Johnny Cake rolled on and on and on.

“Well, well,” he thought.

“This is my kind of fun.

I roll, and they run.”

Soon he rolled by a big brown bear.

“Wait! Wait!” cried the bear.

“Where are you going?”

“On and on,” answered Johnny Cake.

“I have rolled away from a boy, a man,
and a woman, and I can roll away
from you, too.”

“Oh, you can, can you?” said the bear.

“I’ll see about that.”

The bear ran after Johnny Cake, but
he was not quick enough to catch him.

"Well, well," thought Johnny Cake.

"This is my kind of fun.

I roll, and they run."

Just then he rolled by a big gray wolf.

"Wait a minute!" called the wolf.

"Tell me where you are going."

"On and on," answered Johnny Cake.

"I have rolled away from a boy, a man,
a woman, and a big brown bear, and I
can roll away from you, too."

"Oh, you can, can you?" said the wolf.

The wolf ran after Johnny Cake, but
he was not quick enough to catch him.





Next Johnny Cake saw a red fox who was sleeping in the hot sun.

“Hello, there!” shouted Johnny Cake.

The fox did not move or say anything.

Johnny Cake thought the sleepy fox had not heard him call, so he shouted a second time.

Then he rolled near the fox and said, “I have rolled away from a boy, a man, a woman, a bear, and a big gray wolf, and I can roll away from you, too.”

The red fox just opened one eye and peeped at Johnny Cake.

Then he said, “Come near and say that again, and be quick about it.”

Johnny Cake was silly enough to do what the fox told him to do.

He rolled up by the side of the fox and stopped right by his head.

For the third time silly Johnny Cake began to shout to the old fox. He said, "I have rolled away from a boy, a man, a woman, a bear, and a big gray wolf, and I can roll away from you, too."

"Oh, you can, can you?" said the fox.

Then, as quick as could be, he jumped at Johnny Cake.

And as quick as quick could be, that sleepy, old red fox ate up silly little Johnny Cake.





The Wonderful Porridge Pot

Once a little girl and her mother lived in a wee small house in an old, old town.

They had nothing to eat but porridge, but they always had all the porridge they wanted to eat, because they owned a very wonderful porridge pot.

When they were hungry, they put the pot on the fire under the chimney.

“Little Pot, boil,” they said to it.

At once the pot began to boil.

They let it boil and boil until it was full of nice, hot porridge.

Then they said, “Little Pot, stop.”

At once the pot stopped boiling.

Near by was a fine large house.

The man who lived in the fine house had so much money that he could buy everything he wanted.

But the man was not happy, because the more he had, the more he wanted.

One morning he heard the woman say, "Little Pot, boil."

He looked through the window and saw the pot in the chimney. He saw it boil until it was full of nice, hot porridge.

"I must have that wonderful little pot for my own," the man said to himself.

"I'll wait until my neighbours go away. Then I will get the pot."

The man went home and watched until the woman and the girl went out together to get sticks and straw for their fire.



After the girl and her mother had gone, the man hurried into their house.

He ran to the chimney and picked up the wonderful porridge pot.

He took it home and put it on the fire under his own chimney. Then he said, "Little Pot, boil."

The pot began to boil at once, and soon it was full of hot porridge, but it went right on boiling and boiling.

Porridge ran over the top of the pot and down on to the fire. Then it ran out on to the floor.

The man ran to the chimney.

He took the little pot off the fire, but it would not stop boiling.

It boiled, and it boiled, and it boiled.

Hot porridge ran all over the floor and out of the door and into the street.

"This is too much porridge for me," cried the man. "Someone must come and make the pot stop boiling."

He ran to the window and shouted, "Help! Help! Quick! Quick!"



The girl and her mother were coming with the sticks and straw they had found.

They saw the porridge in the street, and they heard the man calling.

They ran to the door together.

Then they saw the little porridge pot, boiling and boiling and boiling.

"Little Pot, stop," cried the woman.

At once the pot stopped boiling.

The man picked up the little pot and gave it back to the woman.

"Take it!" he cried. "I never want to see any more porridge."

But he did see porridge for many days.

It was all over the floors of his house and all over the street, and whenever he went away from home, he had to dig his way through porridge.



City Mouse and Country Mouse

One day a city mouse went to visit a friend who lived in the country.

The country mouse lived by herself in a nest of straw under a tree.

Seeds and plants were all she had to eat, so seeds and plants were what she gave the city mouse to eat.

The city mouse did not care for that kind of food. On the third day of her visit she said, "How silly you are to live here and eat seeds and plants!

If you will move to the city, we will live together in a fine house and eat cakes and cookies and pies."

"Oh, let's go at once!" said her friend.

After dark the country mouse went home with the city mouse.

Late that night the two friends came to the house where the city mouse lived.

They ran under the house and went through a hole in the floor. Then they were in a room full of good smells.

They were very good smells that the country mouse knew nothing about.

Sniff, sniff, sniff went her wee nose.

Wiggle, wiggle went her tail as she ran across the floor. Soon she found cakes and cookies and apple pie to eat.

"Oh," she said to herself, "how silly I was to live in the country!

I will never go back there to live."





All at once the little city mouse saw two big round eyes looking at her.

"Run!" she cried. "Be quick!

Here comes the cat!"

With one quick jump she was through the hole in the floor. Right behind her was the frightened little country mouse.

"Well, well," laughed the city mouse.

"We got away from the cat that time."

"Yes," cried the country mouse,

"but see what the cat did to my tail.

Oh, my tail, my beautiful tail!

The cat got some of my beautiful tail."

Then the city mouse laughed and said, "When you live in the city, you can't be so slow and poky. You must be quick, or the cat will eat you."

"Oh!" said the country mouse.

"I will never live here.

You have cakes and cookies and pies to eat here. I have just seeds and plants to eat in the country, but fine food is not everything.

It is much better to live a long time in the country than to live a short time in the city. Good-bye."

Then back to the country she went, and there she lived ever after.





The Silly Little Rabbit

Once there was a silly little rabbit who was always afraid that the earth would fall in.

Every time she heard a new noise, she was more afraid than ever.

One day when the wind was blowing, something fell and shook the ground.

The silly little rabbit cried out,
"Oh, dear! The earth is falling in!

What can I do? What can I do?

I'm so afraid! I'm so afraid!"

Then the silly rabbit began running through the woods, crying to herself.

The silly rabbit met a second rabbit.

"Run, Brother Rabbit!" she cried.

"The earth is falling in!"

Then away she went, crying as she ran,

"Where can I hide? I'm so afraid!"

"Oh, dear!" cried the second rabbit.

"The earth is falling in!"

The earth is falling in!"

He hurried through the woods and told another rabbit, and the third rabbit told another rabbit.

Then that rabbit told another rabbit, and soon all the rabbits in the woods were crying and shouting together,

"The earth is falling in!"

The earth is falling in!"





The birds heard the rabbits, and they
were afraid, too. They flew near and far
through the woods crying,

“The earth is falling in!

The earth is falling in!”

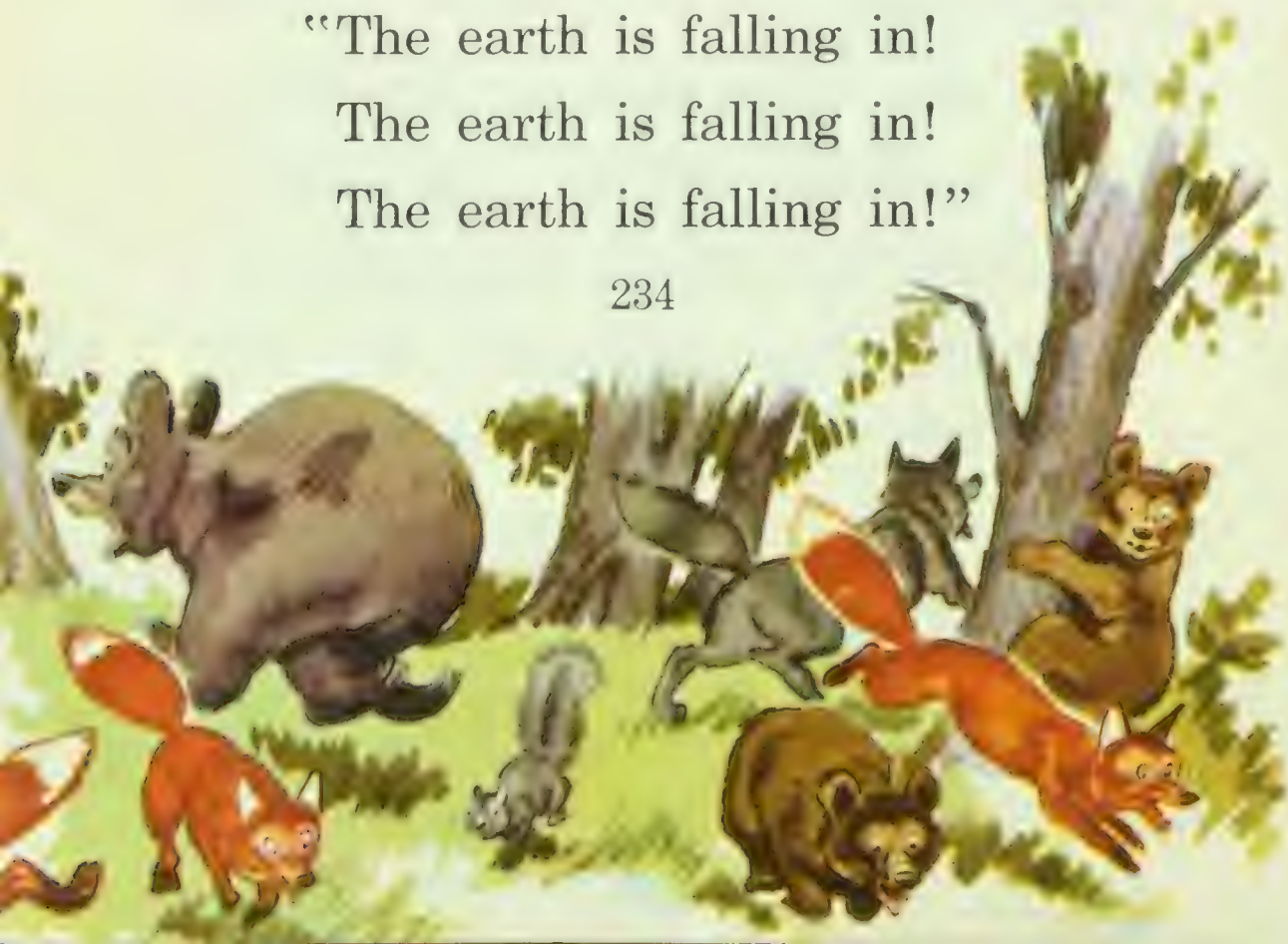
The bears and the other animals heard
the birds crying, and they were afraid.

All together they began to shout,

“The earth is falling in!

The earth is falling in!

The earth is falling in!”





An old lion was sleeping in the woods,
and the noise woke him up.

Then he saw all the animals running,
and he heard what they were shouting.

“Well,” said the old lion to himself.

“I must ask why all those animals
think the earth is falling in.”

First the lion asked a wolf about it.

“Brother Wolf, who told you the earth
is falling in?” asked the lion.

“I heard it from the birds,” answered
Brother Wolf.

Then the birds all said, “We heard it
from the rabbits, but we don’t know
who told them.”

Then one frightened little rabbit turned to the silly little rabbit and shouted, "She is the one who told us."

"Are you the one who said the earth is falling in?" asked the lion.

"Yes," answered the silly little rabbit.

"How do you know?" asked the lion.

"Oh! I heard it, dear Brother Lion," said the silly little rabbit.

The lion said, "Let's go to the place where you heard it."

When they got there, all they saw was a large brown nut on the ground.

"You heard a nut fall," said the lion.

"Oh, my!" said the silly little rabbit.

"Then the earth is not falling in?"

"No," answered the lion.

"Now you must tell all the others."

So the silly little rabbit did just what
the old lion told her to do.

She ran through the woods crying,

"The earth is not falling in!

The earth is not falling in!"

All the animals and all the birds heard
her, and they began to cry out,

"The earth is not falling in!"

Back they all went to their homes, and
all were crying as they ran,

"The earth is not falling in!

The earth is not falling in!

The earth is not falling in!"

*rabbit
birds
bees
lion*



TO THE TEACHER

Friends and Neighbours follows *Our New Friends* and is designed to fit the basic reading needs at the early second-year level. All the words of the preceding basic books are introduced early and maintained adequately in this book. Likewise all the different words in this book are carried over and maintained in *More Friends and Neighbours*, the basic reader for the latter part of the second year.

The *Think-and-Do Book* to accompany *Friends and Neighbours* provides further development of word meanings and practice in recognition.

VOCABULARY LIST

The following list contains the 242 words introduced in *Friends and Neighbours*. All inflectional variants of a word are counted as new words, with these exceptions: possessives and plural forms of nouns; singular *s*, *d*, *ed*, and *ing* forms of verbs; compounds and parts of hyphenated compounds. Letters representing sounds that are not words are not counted.

UNIT I	27 —	51 —	70 strings
5 Pleasant	28 tell	52 —	because
6 game	29 —	53 handker-	71 short
Ann	30 city	chief	72 gone
7 —	John	54 —	73 —
8 letter	31 balloons	55 —	74 visit
Joe	ten	56 should	lot
9 —	32 buildings	sister	75 gave
10 we'll	33 —		76 own
11 —	34 —	UNIT II	77 —
12 train	35 —	57 —	78 show
than	36 use	58 crow	if
13 tie	37 line	59 tricks	79 Elephant
14 both	pull	would	circus
15 —	38 hand	flew	80 their
16 —	clothes	60 off	stand
17 candy	39 park	61 fallen	81 —
18 bell	40 —	grass	82 hat
ting-a-ling	41 full	62 caw	roll
19 today	Uncle	shout	83 kinds
Saturday	might	63 enough	84 front
20 heard	42 —	64 Calf	85 Bee
by	43 got	fence	86 goat
21 neighbours	44 pay	65 hole	forget
22 —	45 —	side	87 coat
23 Buzz	46 didn't	66 sign	catch
24 call	stay	67 long	88 mouse
25 telephone	47 —	honk	89 water
26 across	48 drops	68 couldn't	fish
I'll	49 jolly	69 high	90 —
	50 eyes		

91	Hallowe'en	123	knew	158	second	198	—
92	won't	124	grows	159	Miss	199	—
93	sniff	125	cabbage	160	wouldn't	200	—
94	—	126	field	161	Potato	UNIT V	
95	noise	127	far	162	always		
96	hungry	128	leaves	163	nice	201	—
UNIT III	before	129	through	164	sorry	202	upon
	about	130	—	165	keep	203	cry
97	—	131	rake	166	care	204	Brother
98	sun	132	tired	167	people	205	cried
99	tried	133	tomorrow	168	—	206	fox
100	cock-a-	134	minute	169	cold	207	—
101	doodle-doo	135	large	170	window	208	hair
102	wake	136	blew	171	deep	209	frightened
103	wonderful	137	winter	172	shovel	210	wolf
104	early	138	parade	173	himself	211	third
105	—	139	drum	174	much	212	straw
106	woods	140	hide	175	—	213	chinny-
107	never	141	place	176	Christmas	214	chin-chin
108	Ground-hog	142	garden	177	lights	215	huff
109	ever	143	pick	178	beautiful	216	—
110	seen	144	begin	179	hurried	217	together
111	Bear	145	cut	180	brought	218	hot
112	each	146	—	181	watch	219	—
113	right	147	Goose	182	—	220	churn
114	nose	148	bake	183	spring	221	quick
115	wiggles	149	clean	184	seeds	222	chimney
116	honey	150	cakes	185	plant	223	pot
117	smell	151	herself	186	near	224	floor
118	best	152	sit	187	those	225	—
119	climb	153	—	188	scare	226	—
120	sting	154	late	189	stick	227	—
121	—	155	—	190	blow	228	—
122	pie	156	—	191	Johnny	229	silly
123	small	157	—	192	shook	230	porridge
124	six	UNIT IV		193	move	231	boil
125	o'clock			194	I'm	232	—
126	wait	149	—	195	—	233	—
127	until	150	fall	196	—	234	—
128	biggest	151	Zeke	197	—	235	lion
129	ready	152	pile	198	afraid	236	—
130	—	153	burn	199	—	237	—
131	—	154	fire	200	—		
132	—	155	bricks				
133	—	156	start				
134	Bobby	157	top				
135	soft		potatoes				
136	woke		told				
137	breakfast		try				
138	better		bigger				

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